The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1688 MAY 28, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

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sletter

the time one single brilliant observation I ever heard expressed.

MADCHEN IN UNIFORM.—An exotic substitute for a summer afternoon! and the audience at the Academy Theatre is as well worth studying as the film. My neighbours looked as if they had been cheated of what they paid to see. The usual German brilliance of technique, the same restraint, the same superb handling of crowds. The evidence of the film shows that in culture, taste, and intellect the Germans are as far ahead of the Americans as the Victorian Age was ahead of the Stone Age. But, after all, this film as a film is neither fish nor flesh. As propaganda it teaches us nothing we don't know. As a drama it is milk and water and stale bread. And (as propaganda again) my sympathies were not entirely with the southern of the two poles. There were moments when I sympathized with the northern, that Major-General of a Prussian headmistress; moments, too, when I, too, could have whipped the clinging Manuela. There is nothing new here. Kindness and sympathy and infinite patience are needed in bringing up the young, male or female. But a certain (Prussian, if you like) discipline, a certain refusal to admit every aspect of the frailty of puberty, is necessary, if the world is to go on, and men and women to keep their reason and take life's knocks with smiling faces. Mistress and pupils are poles apart, but neither pole has all the right on its side. There is a happy medium. Like all else in life, it's a case for compromise. There's nothing new in this picture of life at a German girls' school. Still, what with the sickly sentimental Manuela and the Prussian Major-General of a headmistress, I shall have my daughters educated privately.

THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE.—The anonymous benefactor from Boston (Mass.) who sent me a copy of Barnaby Ross's *Tragedy of X* must receive my thanks through the only possible medium. I read it with wonder and found it entertaining. I'm not a great hand at detective fiction. I am still wedded to the older methods. When I thirst for the crimes of fiction, which is seldom now, I fall back on *The Moonstone* and *Sherlock Holmes*. The modern variety moves too quickly and feverishly for my comfort and understanding. Mr. Drury Lane I found just a little irritating. His god-like omniscience and perfection in the art of disguise transcend the dimensions even of detective fiction. But for a fierce and terrible sidelight on the tyrannies and brutalities of the land of Liberty, give me the official manner of Inspector Thumm (or Thug). If under any circumstances of committed crime an English detective dared to address a British tramp (let alone a respectable matron, or reputable stockbroker, or other innocent and worthy citizen) as Inspector Thumm habitually addressed all classes of witnesses, against whom nothing whatever was known, he and most probably all his superiors up to and including the Commissioner of Police and the Home Secretary would be instantly degraded and drummed out of office. That (if the tragedy of X is a true picture) is one of the differences between England and America.

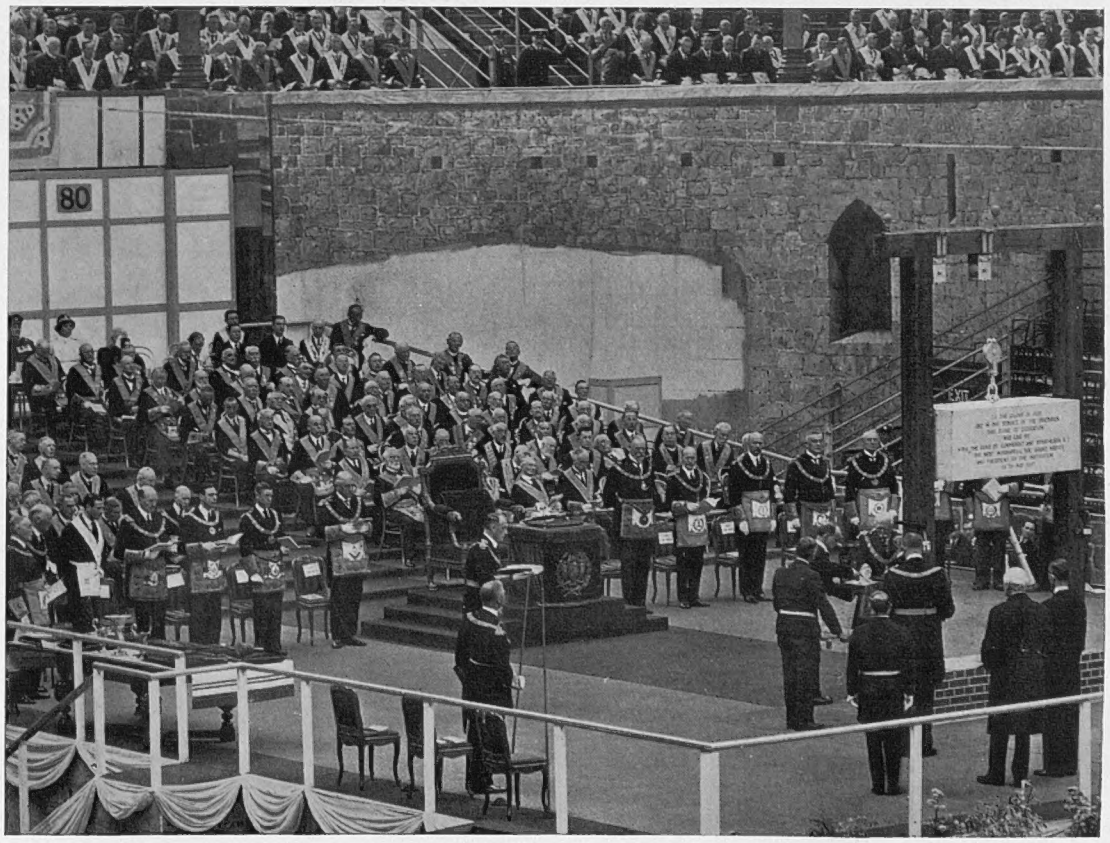
SAUVE QUI PEUT.—I spoke last week of the New Yorkers' Crumbles, the joy park established for the morbid, the vile, and the inquisitive near the spot where the Lindbergh's baby was found murdered. Butchered to make a Yankee holiday. And later I found on the Newsletter page a photograph—ghastly in its lurid futility—of a fainting girl beating a "dancing Marathon" record. And while these things were happening in one part of the State, in another in the Glad Tidings Tabernacle Miss America 1921 (a scrapped Beauty Queen turned Hot Gospeller) was electrifying the New Yorkers who couldn't push into the Lindbergh picnic. She told them how, having lost her all, she had given the rest to Heaven. Having sold her jewellery and dropped her lip-stick, she followed the Lord in her shift. Hallelujah! At her words millionairesses groan and grovel and declare war against sin. Meanwhile Aimée MacPherson, with anxious lines on her forehead and an eye on her rival, is publishing her guaranteed sales. She has been buying souls from Satan at the rate of 5,000 a night for years, though the net result of the transactions is not yet apparent. Still it is comforting to learn that New York is saving its soul alive. It must be well worth saving.

THE OLD STAGER.

A SERVICE IN A COCKPIT: Some 5,000 people attended the famous Whit-Monday service held at the Gwennap Pit, near Redruth, Cornwall, where once mains of cocks battled for supremacy. There John Wesley preached when the great evangelist was at the height of his fame. Weslevans from distant areas were among the congregation

J. Dixon-Scott

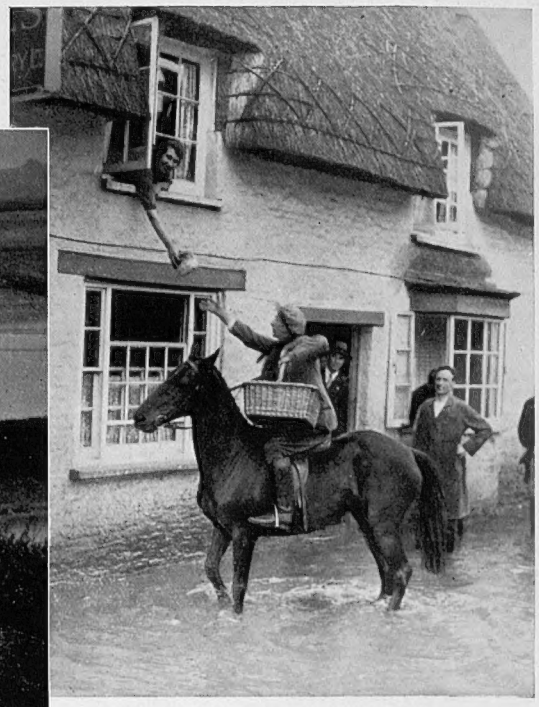
TRIPS TO THE PORT: The Port of London Authority has inaugurated a river trip through the Pool and a number of the great tidal basins to be held every Wednesday. Passengers aboard the *Essex Queen* are here seen admiring liners in the Albert Dock. The new Nelson Line motor vessel *Highland Patriot* of 14,130 tons is discernible on the left. She has only recently reached London from Belfast, and is destined for the Latin-America traffic



FOUR PRINCES AT A MASONIC CEREMONY: When 11,000 Masons gathered at Olympia for the laying of the dedicatory stone of the Freemasons' Hospital at Ravenscourt Park by the Duke of Connaught, Most Worshipful Grand Master and President of the Hospital, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince George, and Prince Arthur of Connaught were present. The foundation stone was electrically connected with Olympia

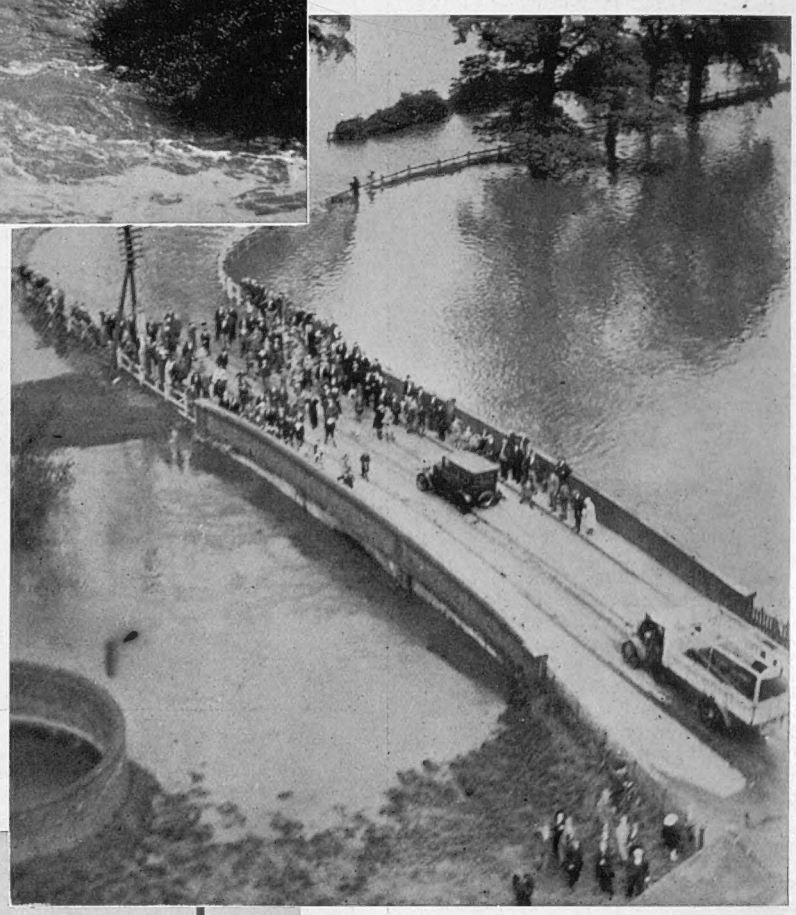
HALF ENGLAND UNDER WATER

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE": A general view at Upton, Notts, where the potato crops have been seriously damaged. Fields were turned to lakes, plains to seas, and roads to rivers with the cloud-burst of last week-end



"*BAKER* ON HORSEBACK!" Bampton, Oxon, suffered from the cloud-burst that struck the Midlands, and the deliveries next day were made in all manner of unusual ways

POLICEMEN PATROL A FLOODED BARNSLEY ESTATE: Two officers patrol their "beat"—the flooded Lang Avenue on the Burton Grange Estate, Barnsley, Yorks



"THE RISING WORLD OF WATERS": The crowd at Rugby watches the delivery of goods by boat after the terrific half-hour's deluge that flooded the countryside

MAROONED: Motors held up on the roads and in the parking places rendered impassable by floods—a scene from Stamford Bridge, Yorks, which was almost identically duplicated in other areas, notably at Derby and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and areas in Leicestershire and Notts, when the Midlands were inundated by a cloud-burst last week-end

THE OPTIMIST who still hoped for cricket (or possibly water polo!) in the Gloucester-Northants match at Bristol

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EVENTS ABROAD

Caught by the Camera

SCULPTORS AT PLAY: M. Auguste Rodin, jnr., the son of a mighty father, and M. Gustinus Ambrosi sketch together at Meudon, near Paris

A LINK WITH COLONEL FAWCETT: Sr. Vicenzo Petrullo, a member of a recent expedition to Brazil, who has expressed his belief that the British explorer, Col. P. H. Fawcett (who has been "lost" in Brazil for seven years), is dead, with Aloike, a native chief who claims to have guided Col. Fawcett to the Kapakua village and who has been linked with his alleged death

THE HEIR POTENTIAL TO MOROCCO, Sidi Muhammad, with his tutor, Si Mammeri, takes his morning walk. Though the Sultan's son, he is not certain to succeed as the Sultanate is elective

THE PRAYERS OF HUNGARY: Mme Nicholas Horthy, the wife of the Regent, and Princess Thurn-Taxis at their daily morning prayer in Matyas Church for the alleviation of the distress of their country

EN FAMILLE: President Albert Lebrun, the President of the Senate, who was elected in succession to M. Doumer, with Mme Lebrun with her daughter Anne Marie, M. Jean Lebrun, M. Jean Freysse-Linard, Mme. Freysse-Linard, and her son Pierre

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST ROAD

Which will it is Comple

SEVENTY MILES OF LIGHT RAILWAY had to be laid to move the 2,000,000 tons of earth and bring materials, which included 1,500,000 tons of clinker, to the site; and thirty-nine locomotives and 500 wagons were used to haul them. This cutting shows the work in progress on Windle Hill, and the road is 120 ft. from fence to fence—a 40 ft. carriageway; space for 20 ft. road for slower traffic on each side; and 20 ft. on each side for drains, etc.

Writhing its way across the countryside like a great snake that is trying successfully to slough its skin, curves the great new £3,000,000 road between Liverpool and Manchester. In the South we have heard little of this enormous undertaking, which has cost £108,000 a mile to build. Yet by to-day the last of the excavation is over, and the vast majority of it is complete except for the fencing. It is the biggest single contract ever handled in the road-making industry. It has killed three men. It crosses twenty-seven bridges. Two million tons of earth have been excavated in its construction. Seventy miles of light railway had to be laid to move this and bring materials to the site, which included 1,500,000 tons of clinker. Thirty-nine locomotives and 500 wagons were used for hauling them. Two million bricks, 80,000 tons of Portland cement, 300,000 tons of concrete, fifty-six miles of kerbstone, 4,000 tons of steel works, sixty miles of chestnut pale fencing will have been required in the construction of the road. And what does all this portend? It means that Liverpool will be an hour nearer to Manchester by road.

If you are not too dazed by this gigantic enterprise, come with me to Warrington and meet Mr. William Parkinson, the partner in Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co., who is personally in charge of the job. He is sitting in a wooden shanty—strong-jawed, grey-haired, quick-eyed, quick-tongued. "This road, which will have cost the Government and East Lancashire nearly £3,000,000 one way and another, is already out of date," he says abruptly, "and it is not complete yet. It is no fault of ours. It is no fault of the engineers. It is the fault of the Government in not limiting the size and weight of the commercial vehicles which are going to run over it. This road was designed six years ago, when anybody who said that we should see forty-ton lorries travelling forty miles an hour would have been considered fit for a lunatic asylum.

"In four years' time we will be having hundred-ton lorries running over the road. Nothing can stand up to that pressure, unless it is constructed of steel at £50 a square yard. When this road is open to the public it will have to bear twice the amount of weight per vehicle that it was ever expected to carry when it was designed. I have been in the road-constructing business all my life. In the past five years under my direction my firm made the Barnet by-pass, Western Avenue (from Acton to Greenford), the Purfleet to Tilbury road, and the Garstang by-pass. I know what I am talking about, and I say that the limit in weight of commercial vehicles which the Ministry of Transport ought to allow should be ten tons, including the wagon itself. Moreover, they should be twin-wheeled and should be equipped with pneumatic tyres. If pneumatic tyres were used the road would need no expensive 'carpet,' as we call the waterproof surface.

"Incidentally, concrete roads with bitumen between the joints are the only non-skid variety you can have. Built like this, they would be all-British. You would not have to import anything from abroad and the cost would be about half. Five per cent. of the road traffic does more damage than the rest of the 95 per cent. put together. In this very neighbourhood there is a thirty-seven-ton lorry designed to carry a load of 100 tons. If it made one journey over this road it would do more harm than a thousand ten-ton lorries could do in a twelvemonth. It is bound to break the surface and jar the foundations. The present system of limiting the weight of load per axle or wheelbase is no good at all. I'm telling you, this road is out of date before it is completed."

W. P., as they call him, glowered, and then went on. "What I can't understand," he said, "is why the Ministry of Transport does not standardize the roads. Within ten years it would lower the cost of construction and repair work by £20,000,000 a year and would lower the immediate cost by 20 per cent. In this country there are about 3,000 road engineers with at least 500 different ideas of road construction between them. If the roads were standardized it would mean that those firms whose materials were going to be used could cut their charges and put up more modern plant because of the certainty of the purchase of their output.

"What is this road made of? Well, it depends on the soil. If it is over virgin ground the road consists of six inches of ashes, then fifteen inches of concrete with two layers of lattice-work steel (called reinforcement) placed three inches from the top and two inches from the bottom of it, with the 'carpet' on top of that. In places where the ground has been excavated and where a gradual subsidence is inevitable, the road is made of six inches of ashes, nine inches of gritstone pitching, then an inch-deep cushion of ashes surmounted by nine inches of limestone and four inches of tar macadam. In the case of the first type of road it was at first intended to have a final surface three and a half inches deep of bituminous asphalt. But owing to economy, and as a temporary measure to seal the joints, it is being sprayed with coal emulsion and granite chips."

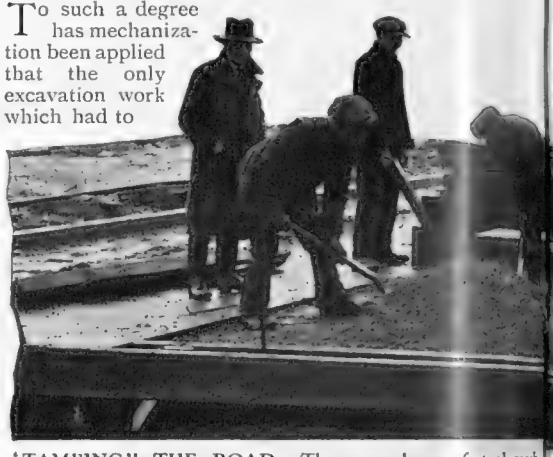
The original intention when this road was promulgated was the relief of local unemployment. The idea was that thousands of men should be given work. In point of fact, W. P. went to the Labour Government and secured permission from them to use mechanical "navvies," and thus save labour, which the Conservative Government had refused to do. A pretty sidelight on politics! The Labour Government, you see, had the sense to realize that even though it failed to decrease the unemployment at St. Helens, the making of the mechanical navvies would give extra employment at Sheffield. The actual difference in man-power between even a No. 4 Ruston excavator and a human navvy is remarkable. One of these small machines, although only capable of digging a half cubic yard at once is capable of digging 1,000 cubic yards in a week, which compares pretty favourably with the work done by a man excavating by hand which will come to about thirty cubic yards per week.

Because of this drastic mechanization of the work to be done, two results have been achieved—only half the men that were expected to be used have been employed; and Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co., the contractors, are already nine months ahead of schedule. It may be interesting to note that their tender for the whole job was, approximately £2,250,000. The discrepancy between this and the figure of £3,000,000 is accounted for by the cost of purchasing the land over which the road is laid, which comes to nearly £200,000; the amount reserved for surfacing, which is £250,000, the establishment charges, the permanent fencing, the transport of workmen, and other little charges like that.

The Road, and indeed it is entitled to a capital letter, is twenty-six miles long and forty feet wide. This, according to W. P., is the ideal width. "If you have it wider," he said, "it at once becomes dangerous. Cars and lorries would roam all over it, particularly at night, and the very latitude which it would allow for cutting-in and passing would involve a lot of extra danger." Apart from the forty-foot carriageway, as it is called, there is room for two roads twenty feet wide for slower traffic on either side. Altogether, the width between fences is 120 feet.

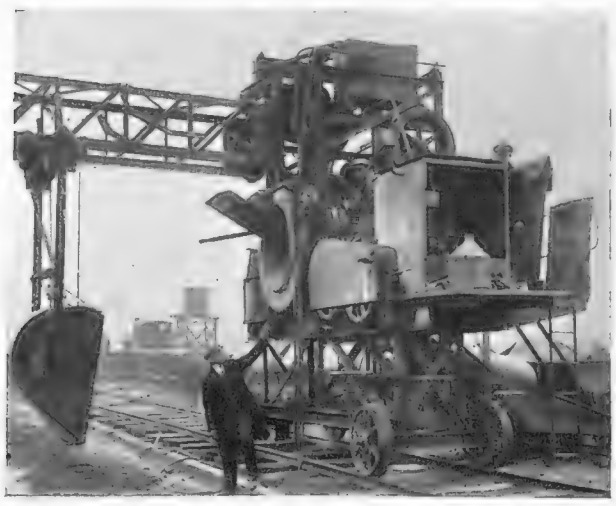
Compare this with the existing road, which at certain points in Warrington and Prescot is little more than five yards wide, and the latter justifies the old Biblical simile about passing through the eye of a needle. The best practical illustration of the saving in time which the new road effects is that whereas a lorry starting from Liverpool for Manchester could do the return journey and then get to Manchester in one day, it can now do two complete journeys to Manchester and back. In the course of its construction, 135 houses had to be demolished and sixty-nine new ones had to be erected for the dispossessed tenants. The remaining tenants and owners received compensation for the alternative accommodation which they found elsewhere. The average price of the land which was sold compulsorily by the owners like Lord Derby and Lord Gerrard was something over £500 an acre.

To such a degree has mechanization been applied that the only excavation work which had to



"TAMPING" THE ROAD: The upper layer of steel mesh men hold a board and take great care that the surface of drawing it back and forth over the newly-made area. The

SPANNING A RAILWAY: The scene at Railway Bridge able of all the remarkable items in the construction road point is set over a double-line railway track. All cross



THE CONCRETE MIXER: The figure on the ground is that of a ganger on whose ability to get 100 per cent. out of his men the profit or loss of the contracting company largely depends

Shorten the Journey from Liverpool to Manchester by One Hour and which, ere ted, will have Cost Nearly £3,000,000 and taken Nearly Six Years to Construct

By CHARLES GRAVES

be done by hand was the levelling of the ground after the mechanical navvy had done its work. In the case of concrete, the human navvies had nothing to do but empty it out of the hopper of the boom concrete mixer and then "tamp" it. The kerb laying also has to be done by hand, and makes a nice profit for clever gangers like Lisbergh, who had a pint or so of beer with me at Warrington. Lisbergh is a strong man. He is the head of a gang of five kerblayers, and on one occasion they laid 300 yards of kerb in a day. That is a world's record, and brought him £7 10s. out of which he had to pay only one man in ten hours. Lisbergh was just off on a week-end jaunt. He was in very smart plus fours. He could afford them. He makes on an average £16 a week. Tom Lee, the cleverest ganger of all, was in Grimsby when I was on the road. He makes at least £1,000 a year. In individual weeks he has made as much as £100, out of which he has had admittedly to give bonuses and pints of beer to his men. But it leaves a nice profit all the same.

There are three kinds of ganger—the thunder and smoke variety, the clever organizer, and the humorist. Tom Lee belongs to the second category and, according to W. P., could have been Prime Minister if he had been educated at a public school. That is a compliment to public schools if nothing else.

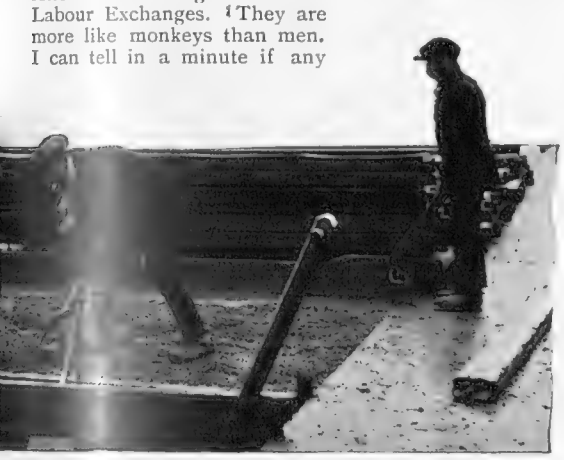
The best example of the third is Long Mac Macmanus, whom I met at Windle Hill cutting. Long Mac is 6 ft. 4 in., with a bright blue eye and a bright yellow moustache. "It's a grand job being a ganger," he said. "But thim are poor fellows that we get from the Labour Exchanges. They are more like monkeys than men. I can tell in a minute if any wan of them has held a spade in his hand before, and few of them have. They hold them under their arms like banjos, they do, bad cess to them. Twelve good Irishmen are worth forty of these local chaps. How can ye expect a clerk to work like a navvy? Ye can't, and most of 'em reminding me of old wimmen doing war work. Wan man sent to us to wheel barrows up planks had a wooden leg, poor fellow! Five per cent. of them are good, but that is all.

REINFORCING CONCRETE: The road consists of 6 in. of ashes, 2 in. of concrete, a steel lattice like that seen above, 10 in. of concrete, another lattice, 3 in. of concrete, and a "carpet" on the top of that. The "carpet" may consist of 3½ in. of bituminous asphalt; in the case of the Liverpool—East Lancashire road, it is being sprayed with coal emulsion and granite chips. This measure was taken in the cognate interests of time-saving and economy

"Ye see those fellows working at the side of the cutting? Those are some of my Irishmen who follow me wherever I go. They are doing a job that none of the locals would think of doing. I have nearly two hundred men under me here. They are always changing. Every week one or two tramp-navvies sign on. They stay two or three months, and wonderful workers they are. Then off they go. They can't seem able to stay long in one place. There are hundreds of them in the country, and they are the best workers of all, easily worth the extra penny, twopence, or threepence they get an hour.

"Well, it's wan o'clock now and I am going to whistle them off. As ye see, it's raining hard."

Indeed it was. And Long Mac's gang were the only men still on the job. Usually the navvies continue to work until it is evident that they are going to be soaked through. Then they quit and go home. Those who live at Liverpool have to get up at 6 a.m., and they don't get home until 8 p.m. after a full working day. If, though, they work only three days a week, they can get the dole for the remaining three.



is covered with a 3-in. stratum of concrete mixture. Two work- the mixture should be precisely level or "tamped" beneath it by two erect figures in caps are acting as levellers in this picture

As we looked out over the temporary bridge spanning Windle Hill cut, a scene of desolation met our eyes. It looked like Belgium when they were rebuilding the devastated areas in 1919 to 1922. At this point the excavation is 120 feet wide at the bottom, sloping back at a gradient of two in one to the natural ground level where the opposite sides are nearly 300 feet apart. No less than 300,000 cubic yards of clay, hard red sandstone, coal, fireclay, and shale had to be dug out, hauled away, and tipped to form embankments elsewhere.

The different kinds of men ultimately employed on this section, as on others, include platelayers, pipelayers, concreters, kerblayers, engine drivers, engine-drivers' runners, rope runners (who hitch the wagons on and off), slashers (who look after the transport), fitters, masons, wallers, bricklayers, firemen, navvy-drivers (who move on if they do not earn at least £8 a week), gangers, steel fighters, joiners, wagon fettlers (the men who repair the wagons), and navvies. It is one of the peculiarities of a real buck navvy that he will invariably refuse to climb a ladder or even walk over a bridge if he can see the ground between the joints. They eat a mid-day meal of huge slabs of cold fried bacon between hunks of bread. If there is a convenient public-house in the neighbourhood like the Greyhound or the Royal Oak, they will have their pint or so at midday and a few more when they leave off.

Tom Lee stands drinks all round to his gang at the end of the day. When tramp navvies arrive on the scene of work from another part of the country there is always a whip round among the old timers already on the job, and the collection seldom amounts to less than £1. Long Mac told me this, and he ought to know.

But let us return to W. P. You would not expect, or get, any sentiment out of him, but he will admit that after the first six months the road became like a live animal to him, sometimes sullen and sometimes tractable.

"It has been a real battle," he said. "But now we have broken its back. At Pennington, where the ground was not solid, we pushed the concrete piles out of sight. At forty feet we could find no solid ground and lost them. At Mossbank the ground was so boggy that we were afraid that the foundations we had to put down would push the ground up and form a dam across the canal. At Penny Lane there was the problem of the colliery subsidence. You always get water on the foundations in a case like this, and we knew that in the next ten years the whole countryside may sink ten feet—roads, canals, buildings, railways. That is over a section of four whole miles, and means that the bridges had to be built in such a way that they can be jacked up as the road settles.

"The best road I have ever seen in my life was built by a Spanish engineer between Tetuan and Ceuta in Morocco. It is so well banked up that a charabanc can go round corners at fifty miles an hour just as if it were Brooklands, although it is in mountainous country. Besides, the signposts are twelve foot square, with the bends in the road illustrated on them so that you can see them half a mile away and don't have to stop to find out what it is all about. The latest Italian road, between Naples and Pompeii, which I saw last year, is constructed just like this one.

"Until ten years ago they used to build roads in Italy just as they did 2,000 years ago, with a basis of granite blocks three inches by eighteen. To-day they use the concrete raft and carpet like ours, which, according to the authorities and the Ministry of Transport, is the last word in road construction. But as I have told you, not this or any other road can stand up to the pressure which will be brought upon it. People talk about the Romans as road builders. Of course they were wonderful, but compare the weight of traffic they had to carry with ours." A quarter of a mile away we crossed the old Roman road running from London to Carlisle. It consisted of a layer of stones which would pass through a three-inch mesh built up to twelve inches. Since then the local authorities in the past few years have covered it with a four-inch carpet of tar macadam.

"In those days a road only had to stand up to chariots, horses, and pedestrians. The wheel spin of a modern forty-ton lorry when it is bouncing will tear

(Continued on p. 358)

Aerofilms

No. 7 and Walkden Road Junction. One of the most remark- of this road was this particular portion where a four-way roads will be on the gyratory principle with a 120-ft. radius

A WELCOME REST: Road workers shelter from the rain in a railway wagon. The wet summers of '30 and '31 diminished the earnings of the workmen

IN and AROUND LONDON

THE CLOISTER into which the smoky vault of Liverpool Street seemed transformed when a special train, carrying 400 nuns to a conference of English convent schools at Chelmsford, was gradually taking aboard its freight of passengers

FIRE IN THE CITY: Thousands of visitors to London for the Whit week-end were thrilled to witness a serious fire in Farringdon Street near the Memorial Hall. The all-metal water tower was used for the first time at this conflagration, smoke from which blocked the whole road

A CENTURIES OLD TRADITION: The historic fair at Pinner, which has been held annually since Tudor days, continues its popular course. An extensive amusement park, it covers much of the streets of the town

METROPOLITAN PAGEANTRY SEEN FROM ABOVE: A striking picture, taken from the top of the new Cumberland Hotel now under construction at the Marble Arch, showing the Horse Guards passing beneath that seldom used thoroughfare on their way back to barracks

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING MEETING: A general view showing the parade of Wapitis belonging to the 601 City of London Auxiliary Squadron during the Household Brigade Flying Club's Flying Meeting at Heston Airport last week

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHNEIDER CUP TEAM—Wing-Commander Orlebar, with Group-Captain Baldwin, Mrs. Colclough, and Miss Margaret Whigham, at the Household Brigade Flying Parade at Heston

BATTERING RAMS of JAVA

IN NATURAL SURROUNDINGS, if not in its native land, this lion pads through the forested glade at Whipsnade. The improvement in conditions over those in any other zoo is marked

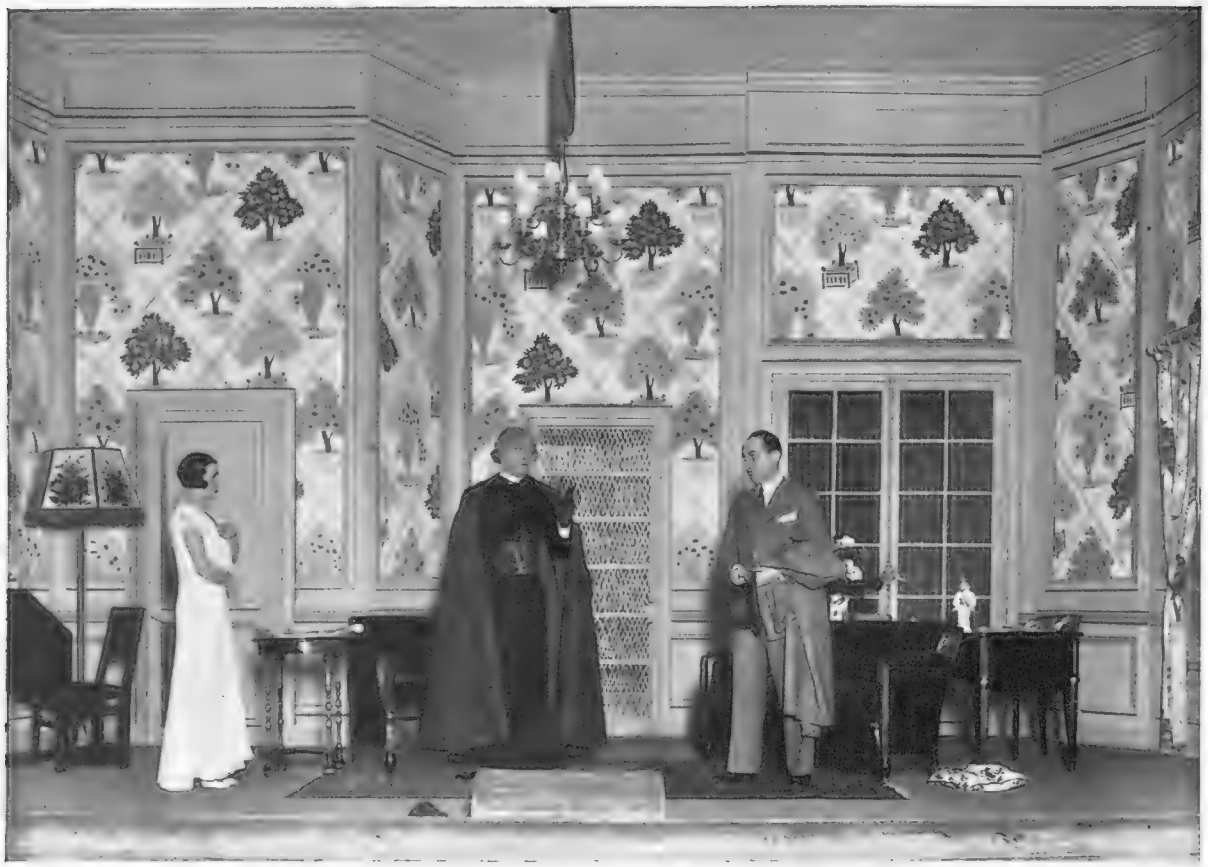
"EAT MORE FRUIT!" Maggie and Jiggs, two large simians who have almost attained the status of Social Registrates in New York and are named after two figures of caricature that are household words in American life, like to finish their meal, as befits their station, with dessert!

A WELL-BALANCED DIET! A performing seal in a travelling circus not only sits up to table, but juggles with fantastic skill with the food and the table utensils

SQUARING UP TO EACH OTHER: Two rams in an engagement in Java, where ram-fights draw even larger crowds than cock-fights. The Javanese are furious gamblers and stake their homes on such events. The animals leer as a preliminary to the assault

BATTERING RAMS! In a Javanese ram-fight the animals "box" with the horns, but if one begins to gore the other it is taken out of the fight and disqualified. The shock when the animals rush at one another is manifest in a loud crack

THE THROW: Javanese ram-fighting has as its apex of excitement a moment such as this—when a ram is thrown by the force of its opponent's charge. Such an event is greeted with ecstatic cheers by the gambling spectators



THE THEATRE OF FRANCE is in a bad way save for the *théâtres d'art* among which the productions of the Guitrys are pre-eminent. There is at long last a tendency to revolt at the unnecessary volume of tips and the lack of comfort and ventilation a visit to a Parisian theatre involves

EUROPE'S

"The Sphere" Turns a Slump in the Playhouses that London

The theatre—what shall it become—is a hoary old subject with us, at least since the immediate post-War period and the coming of such striking new apparatus in the way of counter-attraction. How many times have we been assured that the stage is doomed, moribund! That something quite other must arise behind the footlights, or that sooner or later these will flicker down and down to ultimate extinction. The other day it was Sir Gerald du Maurier deploring that all was up unless the dramatists really delivered the goods again; and that enfant terrible, Mr. St. John Ervine, retaliating with a "really, Sir Gerald, are you quite sure that is the reason?" almost suggestive, I thought, of the possibility of Sir Gerald having become just the teeniest bit outmoded and so joining the ever-growing army of Cassandrists. Then, again, there is the project for a mock trial presently of four leading figures of the theatre on the charge of continuing to flog a dead or an amazingly jaded steed—I forget which exactly.

Viewed from this Continent of woeful prognostication in all things, laments and forebodings about the London stage are not without their amusing side in that the London stage at the present time appears to a casual observer as the sole flourishing survivor in Europe in things theatrical. Whether the great C. B., currently touring in foreign parts, will bear me out in this upon his return I am at a loss to say. I rather suspect he will not. I rather suspect we may hear again his favourite theme of "a good show will always go." Will it? I can produce definite evidence to the contrary from more than one capital. There are half-a-dozen reasons why the theatre is collapsing—there is no other word—right and left in contemporary Europe. Practically everywhere, in fact, save in London. And possibly in New York, which I am omitting from this survey. It may be that the thing to do is to go on a Cook's tour, as one might say, round Europe and collect the varying reasons in the several countries. Then, when we have got the lot together, a composite view of the whole should be available.

Let us commence with Spain. Spain has ever been an acting country par excellence. It has been said that the entire country is one big theatre, or was. That Spaniards sat in the stalls of their eternal cafés and passed unending objective criticism and opinion on the evolving show around them. "The King is blowing up." And, lo! he blows up. "Don Niceto is getting bored." And he blows up also. Very particular efforts have been made in Spain since the change of régime to bolster up and relaunch the theatre, a dominant reason being that the leader of the nation, Señor Azana, is a professional playwright. The public, the new public, has not been taking any, and to-day the attempted re-launch is recognized to be a failure. This new public of the Revolution, with an insignificant exception near the intellectual surface, prefers to sit in cabarets listening to vulgar and platitudinous burlesque. The students of Madrid tried to create a modern stage. This flopped badly. Le peuple, who now possess the pesetas though they pretend they don't, want the glaring and the garish in entertainment even as it is substituting far and wide dreadful mass-produced furniture for the fascination of the years. The one classical turn that still fills a house is La Argentina, and they usually want her to dance the fierce garrotting she emerged with, as little fifteen-years-old Antonia Merce. The scheme by which this great artiste was to have founded a theatre of national song and dance came to nothing for the simple reason that the peseta-owners didn't rise to the occasion. They prefer sitting over drinks and cheroots until 3 a.m. listening to everyone and everything being "taken off" in the broadest manner. The sequel has come in an S.O.S. from the footlights of the Government. The slump, lower wages all round, perpetual disturbance, the cinema, are jointly instanced by the people of the theatre as being responsible for their chronic distress, the petitioners insisting that good theatrical productions are "of much importance to the intellectual well-being of the people after the cares and labours of the day."

Agreed, but what if these people prefer to seek mental relief as I have watched them do in Barcelona, staying often from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. at a cost of under half-a-crown, this including vaudeville and orchestra, refreshment, and tip? Even in Madrid's swell night-place now, it is hard to spend more than 10s., and dancers are to be had at the cost of a drink for them. The Spanish theatre wants a subsidy and taxation relief. I cannot see that either would bring much good until the new public's mind itself undergoes a change. Even opera, in the land of Carmen, is taking the count. For Spain I instance the cheap cabaret and the rawness of the peseta-owners as principal enemies of the theatre proper.

Cross directly to a second proletariat in the saddle, and the circumstances are not identical. Gorki thinks that the Soviet is on the verge of a tremendous all-round artistic renascence deriving from Five Year Plan inspiration. It is not for me to argue with Maxim Gorki. Soviet Russia has produced commanding films, as we know—even led the way, apparently. It may yet do so with the theatre. Meanwhile, the theatres in Russia—there are not many of them, by the way, outside Moscow—are not empty. Far from it. They are crammed with practically non-paying pupils galloping down Bolshevik propaganda. Every production seems to point one of two morals. The sheer rightness of the oncoming world. The damnation of the old. Mental syrup well fitted for very recent peasants just new to reading, but would it go elsewhere, with a multitude long literate? Spain and Russia, we should remember, boasted until quite recently 72 and 86 per cent. of illiterates respectively—and what figures are those? Moreover, Russia's theatres are subsidized to the core. It may be far too early yet to write one way or the other about the Soviet's theatre which is not the theatre, as we know it at all. Great films, possibly great mimicry of the ballet, may take ultimate hold in this country of far-flung tens of millions. To-day the present travesty of a stage has died the death.

Under Fascism the theatrical story has been a continually declining one despite valiant efforts at retrieval. Just at present the effort is to save grand opera, staple of the country and its quondam greatest artistic advertisement. A shrewd English critic of Italy returned therefrom saying that Italians no longer sang as once they used to do and that therefore they could not be really happy. Signor Mussolini's subsidizing of threatened Verdi warbling may be taken as substantiation of that observation. Italy still has great artistes, such as Grammatica and Ruggero Ruggeri, but d'Annunzio has ceased to dazzle and no one has taken his place in the dramatic field. That the Government does not desire the stage to perish is emphasized by the way in which it is helping not only operatic artistes, through their Corporation, but even vaudeville and small companies on tour. Can the Duce win this further battle of the footlights?

Frankly, I doubt it. This precise New Italy which he has fashioned appears to be turning more and more to other things, and chiefly towards two: Sport, and the Talkie. In the several lands it is curious how separate factors militate against the theatre of old. Some factors—such as hard times—may be common to all. Others stand out more prominently, now in this country, now in the next. Young Italy has gone grand slam on athletics in every shape and form, on the open-air life, on brilliant achievement in sport, on intensive physical development (and there was room for this). And when it isn't very busy drilling and footballing, it is crowding into the talkies, mainly of native texture. Even in a cosmopolitan centre such as Milan, the Scala wasn't open recently, and the chief music-hall half empty. But there, as in Venice, crowds went through the rain and slush to a dozen different talkies. I fail to see the use in questioning the talking picture's permanent arrival, even if its present manifestation tends to be composed of "gangsters, loose women, lust, sensation, and every form of crime." Surely this will change, if not by the will of purveyors, by force?

Take a capital like Prague. The other day in this pleasure-loving city of a round million just five theatres were open, including one opera and two music-halls. Yet try and find a seat at a good sound-film or talkie! I tried at half-a-dozen, though I confess it was holiday time. Prague must have more first-class cinema houses in the recesses of its splendiferous arcades than the West End of London itself. Doubtless they emanated indirectly from reparations and allied and associated loans; anyway, they are there, featuring Russian and German productions. In Czechoslovakia, moreover, there are the Sokols, or athletic organizations embracing the young of both sexes, and for which 1932 is jubilee year. Too stuffy and old-fashioned the theatre may be for these. The French farce used to go well enough in Prague. Now it is stone dead everywhere, and in parlous state in its own home town.

You may remember a Shavianism on one of G. B. S.'s rare and enforced visits to Paris (first night of *St. Joan*). "What," the great farceur was asked, "do you think of the French stage?" "I didn't know," came the answer, "that there was one." After which remark it is a source of wonder that his play ran even as long as it did—150 nights.

The rising age doesn't want tragedy, and understandably, but it seems also to have drawn the line at watching lovers in pyjamas crying cuckold, at sex farces that weary interminably. Nor will it stand any longer for the bleating, blatant Paris revue, the latest spasm of which, I note, is called "Paris Sex Appeal, 1932" (oh, how the horse has here been flogged!).

THE THEATRE OF GERMANY is suffering severely not of big financial backers and the extravagant Reinhardt Fräulein Margarete Melzer in Gerhardt Hauptmann's

TOTTERING STAGE

Searchlight on to the Causes and the Effects of the of the Great Capitals of Europe and Concludes Alone has any Theatrical Prestige Left

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The Paris stage has more or less fainted for the moment. It may come to, or not. There are many reasons for the faint, but I should place first the inanity of most of latter-day production. (The Guitrys, the Pitoeffs, the few théâtres d'art excepted, naturally). What I have said will be taken and noted as further alien propaganda to keep visitors from the luminous city. The French have a weakness for seeing enemies lurking rather freely. Or, more accurately, their Press has, which is not the same thing. Just now one understands a combined German–Anglo–American–Italian offensive against Paris to be afoot.

City of mirrors that never will use one . . .

Paris theatres are fantastically dear for present times. A good many are still oppressively cramped and unventilated. And one is held to ransom by that accursed creature who shows one to one's seat. And cloak-room charges are exorbitant. And there survives the idiotic pencilling and repencilling of one's ticket by a flock of frock-coated ushers. Why should people put up with such capers in times of stress, especially when, as so freely is the case, the show on the stage turns out to be a banal re-hash or some revival, or some old, oh! so old favourite with long favoris upon its cheek? Not only foreigners but Parisians themselves have turned down their thumbs. And the result is that the "clôture annuelle" has in some cases supervened almost before the houses had opened again. A leading American-French artist tells me that he visited ten of the theatres remaining open all in one night. The best was a house half full: the majority were nearer the quarter mark. In the provinces it is worse, and the Tardieu Government not long ago came to the rescue with a form of subsidy. One feels in moderation for the Profession. There exists a Union des Artistes, by which certain leaders earn as much in a day as lesser mortals—the majority—can assemble in a couple of months. The stars have recently been threatening to strike because the managers want to touch their salaries. It looks more like the stars not having any salaries at all if things go on at the present rate. The managers are no clearer-visioned. They pretend all their woes are traceable to high-paid stars and high taxation (recently they won a trifling reduction), whereas nearer the mark might be that the public refuses to be fleeced any longer for indifferent-to-futile shows.

A curious feature of the Paris stage, and one having direct reference to the present crisis, is that several leading managers employ the theatre as a side issue in earning their worldly wealth. Thus, Jacques Rouché, who has resigned the closed Opera, is Piver the perfumer and also Salmson the car manufacturer; Gallois of the Danou, Caumartin, and Humour theatres makes patent medicines; Lucien Beer, of the Œuvre, makes clothing: and that is not the full list. Well—what has happened? Hard times for these men of commerce and industry, and less inclination to hold on to theatres.

Do not imagine, however, that Parisians are going to bed in early heaps just because they are not placing themselves on view in box and stall and circle. Necessity creates. A new Montmartre is emerging. Montparnasse, vulgarized, also demoded as all things must become, is fast fading out. For the old love to return in new guise. The craze now is for night places which entirely represent a given theme. (Montparnasse gave the idea, by the way, with "Le Train Bleu" in which you paid twenty francs for *anything* in the Blue Train setting.) In Montmartre you can now frolic "en Zeppelin"—meaning that a panorama passes by as you sit in the familiar cabin with an Eckener as maître d'hotel and real German (real Alsatians) as waiters. And there is the reproduction of the famed Place du Tertre, even to the roof coming off; and real trees and cobblestones and . . . things And there's Havana. And a Deauville is on the way. And a sailor's dive. And a paquebot. In short, ex-theatre goers are beginning to do their own acting.

THE THEATRE OF BAVARIA shows the present weakness of the theatre of Berlin. Above Herrn. Helmuth Renar, Otto Wernicke, and Hans Schlenck are seen in an episode from a Napoleonic war play of Prussian patriotism—an extremely popular theme at the moment—by Erich Walter Schäfer entitled *The 18th of October*

only from the general depression but also from the exit monopoly. This picture shows Herr Emil Jannings and *Driver Hentschel* at the Berlin National Theatre

THE THEATRE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA—once one of the most flourishing of stages—is going through a period of stress, although such figures as Mlle Anny Ondra—referred to by a Czech Minister as "one of the greatest assets of the Republic"—still command an audience

In Germany theatre crisis is complete. When this appears, about ten of Berlin's forty odd theatres will still be open. The passing of Reinhardt from all save one of his former six theatres (he also had two in Vienna) has just about crowned things. Even in the rare cases where a play is a big success it is quite impossible to keep it on because of the chronic overheads in stars' salaries and in taxation. Another drain is the fact of so many seats, in German theatres, being taken by large societies and leagues which pay small subscriptions for seasonal attendance. These associations were largely instrumental in filling famous Reinhardt theatres in boom times; result, the shows did not earn money.

The exit of big backers, Kreuger, Katzenellenbogen beer king (who took a mild prison toss for a 70,000,000 mark juggling episode when I was in Berlin) and the Danat banker, Goldschmiedt, to name three—this enforced exit has also told heavily. As did the circumstance of Reinhardt, artist, taking on far too much in the line of Reinhardt, director of a theatrical trust. In London you have him once again solely as artist, giving perhaps months to a single interlude. Whereas Reinhardt, trying to keep pace with expenditure on his productions, spread alarm and despondency among his shareholders. Stars meant nothing to him, and less so their salaries.

The eclipse of Berlin, once recognized pioneer of us all, is currently full and entire. And London, indisputably, has taken its place. If there are hard times in the profession at home, and if things are slumping badly in the provinces, the production of show after show in London, and of every texture—drawing-room comedy, thriller, musical show, spectacle, even opera, and Shakespeare—indicates a degree of theatrical health unapproached anywhere on the Continent today. Go to poor Vienna for contrast. Land of song and laughter! The scenery of *Im Weissen Ross (White Horse Inn)* so cheap and tawdry! And only two other shows in the town worth paying for.

I have only space to add that Richard Strauss, faced by the débâcle of German opera, does not attribute matters exclusively to shrunken incomes and oppressive times, but to Germany's youth being too fond of sport.

If the footlights of the Continent are flickering perilously low, many reasons may be adduced. I have attempted to give some. (And not even mentioned wireless entertainment!)

LA CAPANNA: The hut which sheltered Garibaldi in his darkest hour when, after the "retreat" and his escape by sea, he, two faithful followers and his dying wife, had wandered amid the forests round Ravenna for two age-long weeks; and when Anita Garibaldi had perished of privation, the famous Red Shirt leader sought to restore his broken body and shattered spirit in this hut

THE GUARDIAN at the door of La Capanna. Hither come pilgrims to the shrine of Italian liberty. The view in the top picture on this page shows the Pineta San Vitale in the distance

THE PINE FOREST—Pineta San Vitale—in which the great leader of United Italy evaded pursuit in his dark hour

IN THE MARSHES ROUND RAVENNA, which afforded Garibaldi and his devoted followers a respite from the pursuit that harassed them, are a series of canals; in these the natives fish with nets of the type seen in this picture. To ardent Italian patriots, the whole area round Ravenna is holy ground for its association with the trial hour of the Liberator

LA CAPANNA

A Relic of the Risorgimento and of Garibaldi, who Died Fifty Years Ago on June 2

The celebration in June of the fiftieth anniversary of Giuseppe Garibaldi's death may revive interest in that great Italian patriot. The country, for whose liberty and union he was largely responsible, has raised statues of him in many of its cities, but recent history seems to have dimmed his memory. Few now make a pilgrimage to the "Capanna," the little thatched hut on the marshes east of Ravenna which once sheltered him during the most tragic time of his adventurous life.

In 1849, after making the vain endeavour to free Rome from the foreign invader, Garibaldi and the remnant of his devoted band set out on the famous "retreat" across Italy in the hope of reaching Venice. He was accompanied, too, by his wife Anita who, against his orders, had joined him in Rome during the last few days of its siege from their home at Nice.

Their hardships were terrible, and it was only by their mobility and the sympathy of their countrymen that they managed to win their way through to San Marino, some fifteen miles from the Adriatic south of Rimini.

Here, although reluctant to be entangled with the surrounding Austrians, the Garibaldians were gathered in as their only means of escape from annihilation. Even so the enemy's terms of surrender were so hard that Garibaldi quickly decided that the only chance of decent treatment for his followers was to leave them at San Marino and escape as best he could to the coast.

He jumped on his horse and started off so suddenly that few knew of his going. About two hundred went after him, and Anita refused to leave him, although they tried to persuade her to stay behind as she was very ill. True Amazon that she was, inevitably the privations of years had taken their toll upon her.

The next night, almost exhausted, they reached the coast of Cesenatico between Rimini and Ravenna. Fishing boats were available, but the difficulties of embarkation were overcome only by the almost superhuman efforts of Garibaldi. Their intention was to get to Venice by sea.

The little fishing fleet must have passed within view of the low-lying marshland, pine forest, and lagoon which were so soon to be the hiding places of some of the fugitives. The delay they had encountered and the brightness of the moon enabled the Austrian navy to head them off, and most of the *bragozzi* were captured. But three broke away and made for the shore north of the lagoon of Comacchio. From these landed Garibaldi, Anita, the wounded Captain Culiolo (called "Leggiero"), the heroic friar, Ugo Bassi, and others, who quickly scattered to hide themselves among the sand dunes.

But Garibaldi and the crippled captain—the sole companion his chief permitted to stay with him—laden with the now helpless, tortured Anita, were, through their slow movements, espied and overtaken by Nino Bonnet, a leading patriot and man of influence in the neighbourhood. He was able to warn Garibaldi that it was utterly impossible for him to cross the Po and to reach Venice that way, so strict was the watch that his opponents were keeping for him. Hence began a fortnight's wandering amongst the marshland and pine forest near Ravenna.

With the assistance of Bonnet, asylum was found for Anita at the farm of Zanetto on the northern shore of the Comacchio lagoon. Here Garibaldi could have left her with the assurance that she would receive every care, while he and "Leggiero" slipped away southwards on the waterways. But the suffering woman was beyond realizing their position, and her one thought and effort was directed towards remaining with her husband; so she was laid beside him in the boat.

After some hours, rowing and porterage the boatmen learnt the identity of their passengers and, knowing that their lives were at stake for helping the fugitives, abandoned them on an island in the early hours of the morning. Again Bonnet came to the rescue, but by the time shelter could be found at a dairy-farm near Madriole, and a doctor brought, Anita was beyond human aid. She died in the evening of August 4 as they carried her into the house.

Garibaldi, frantic with grief, lost all caution, but he was dragged away by his friends. Touched by the concern for him of the simple people around and the risk they ran by succouring him, he roused himself to effort.

The country was infested by Austrian soldiers, but the next morning he and "Leggiero" were guided to the pine forest—Pineta San Vitale—north of Ravenna, where it was comparatively easy for them to hide and recover strength. But this was done only by the constant watchfulness of the people, who conducted them away when they saw danger approaching. Thus they were brought by boat through small channels to the little thatched cottage standing alone and uninhabited in the centre of the marshland, and here they lay for twenty-four hours while further arrangements were being made for them.

This hut of one room and attic, at that time, was only used about once a year as a shelter for sportsmen, but it is now preserved as a memorial of Garibaldi. On the little patch of land where the hut stands a stone marks his landing place from the boat. If we wish to get there we must cross by ferry the Corsini Canal and go over several bridges. The stalwart ferryman is also the custodian, a worthy successor of the courageous Romaguals.

D. E. J.

FAMILY PARTINGS in ASSAM

FED UP AND FAR FROM HOME: The mothers look visibly sad at the separation from their promising youngsters bound for some distant tea estate. The baby is giving tongue in no uncertain manner, bleating out sadly at the parting which he foresees. *Inset* — Mother and son sadly approach the station after a sale of young elephants in the forests of Assam. The parents seldom accompany their offspring; mothers go back to the forest and mourn—pachydermatous Rachels—for months on end

THE RESERVED CARRIAGE: The Assam-Bengal railway—metre gauge track—is one of the few railways in India which caters especially for elephant travel. The trucks are specially designed for the purpose with strong iron uprights. Special food—stems of young banana trees—and, as a delicacy, sugar cane is carried in the trucks

TIFFIN ON THE TRAIN: A welcome moment on the journey

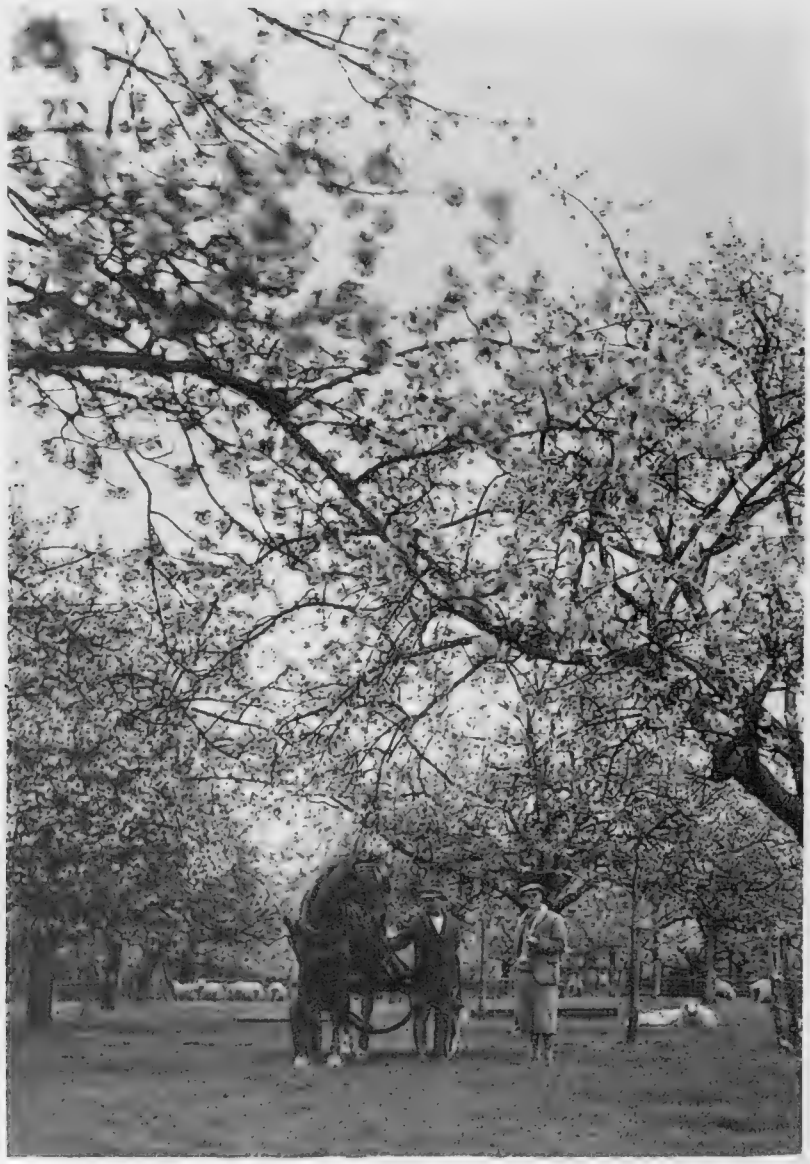
THE ELEPHANT SPECIAL outward bound from Assam

Very leisurely, very naturally, they came in their twos and threes to the station to catch their train. There had been a sale of young elephants up in the Assam forests. Day after day mothers were bringing their youngsters to the railway station to give them confidence as they saw them off to some strange tea estate, there to be schooled perhaps for two or three years, in the weird ways of man. Seldom does the parent elephant accompany them; she ambles back to the forest, and feels her loss keenly for many months to come. The method employed to get the elephant to enter the truck is to tie his hind legs with rope and endeavour to coax him in backwards, step by step, by pulling first one hind leg and then the other. One young gentleman seemed to imagine that this leg-pulling business was metaphorical as well as physical, as it took over an hour to persuade him to enter his truck. He was pulled from behind, prodded in front, and two large animals were brought up close to the truck to add their gentle persuasion to that of the mahouts. The Assam-Bengal Railway, which consists entirely of metre gauge track, is one of the few railways in India which caters especially for elephant travel, as is evidenced in the specially designed elephant trucks with their strong iron uprights. The food, consisting mainly of the stems of young banana trees, and sugar-cane as a delicacy, is carried with them in their trucks.

R. W.

. . BEAUTY OF BLOS

A Pictorial Survey of the Kentish Orchards in the Hey



On the Newnham Road there is an orchard which is famous locally for having possessed a water-wheel which was turned by two dogs. A more modern and usual method of watering stock, "under the blossom which hangs on the bough," is shown in this picture of a water cart and horse in a Sheldwich orchard

here and there amidst the sea of petals rises a grey church tower in the valley. At Malling it is veiled in a snow-blanket of cherry blossom

At Malling the wind caused by the train rushing through the station catches up the falling petals from the trees bordering the railway line and envelops carriages and platform in a swirl of white, snowflake-like cherry blossoms — to the delight of the æsthetically-minded

A cherry orchard in the tiny village of the countryside in snowy white, half-hidden among

SOM . .

day of Spring

Whilst the cherries are setting and ripening, sheep graze upon the green pasture beneath the alleys of the tree trunks. In one such orchard a small country lad acted as shepherd to herd the sheep and lambs against a background of oast-houses, using very skilfully his iron hoop which he trundled from wing to wing of the flock

J. Dixon-Scott

Newington, near Sittingbourne, where the blossom now paints the orchards This picture was taken from the tower of the church which stands

This illustration shows how, in the midst of each acre of orchard, one or two trees always appear more "wonderful, white, surpassingly" than the rest, "like a pilgrim's flag, o'er processional penitents flown," as George Meredith wrote of the "pure wild cherry in bloom"

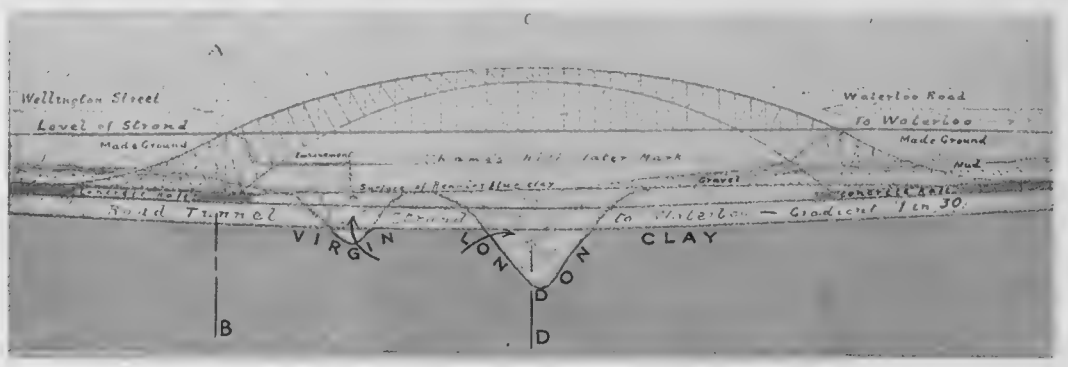
Special "Sphere" pictures by Charles E. Brown

All the undulating country on either side of the long straight line of the Roman road, Watling Street, has been white this last week with the full bloom of the cherry trees, and pink with the breaking apple blossom

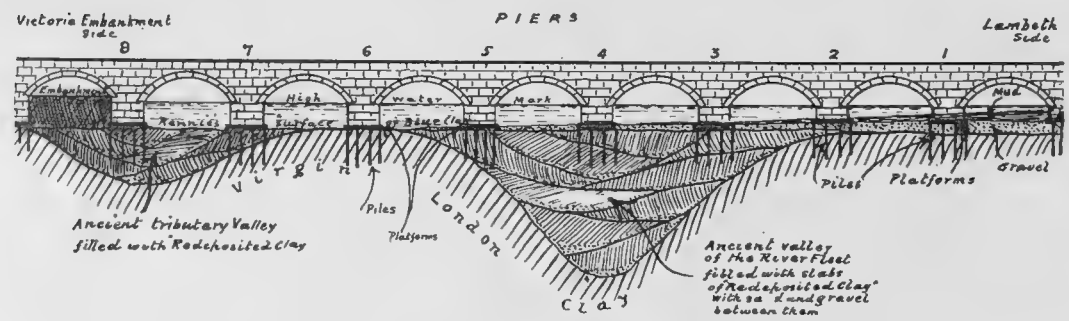
Kent this last week has been decked as it were in a bridal gown of cherry blossom. Alternations of sunshine and cloud have relieved the sheer dazzle of white. In the coppices, the blue sheen of wild hyacinths, and white of anemones, and the pink of wild campion, the yellow of primroses, buttercups and cowslips, and the coral pink of the bursting apple blossom add other touches of colour to a scene of indescribable beauty.

M. H.

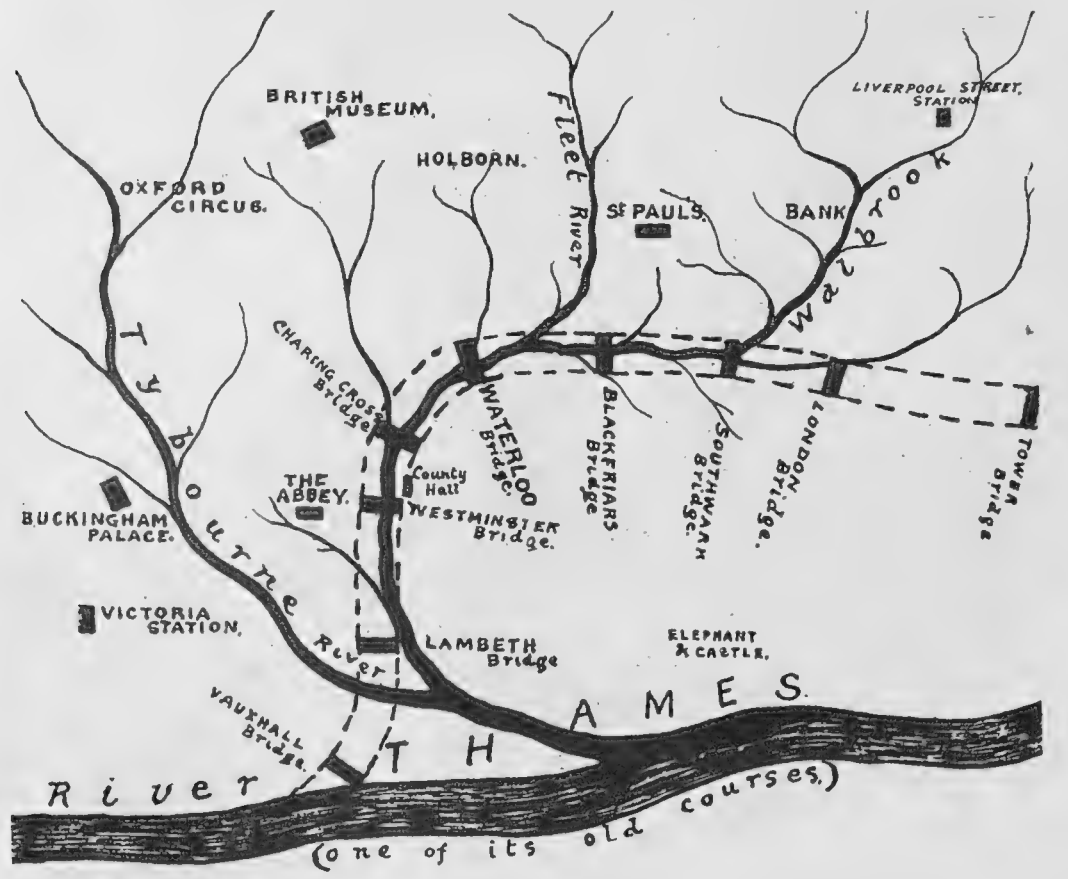
THE MASTERPIECE OF RENNIE the existence of which is jeopardized by the big increase of traffic. There is also a danger of collapse of a certain section owing to the quality of the river-bed which is old disturbed clay on the site of rivers no longer extant—a fact which made itself apparent almost immediately after the bridge was built



THE SUGGESTION, made by Mr. F. H. Mackintosh in the accompanying article, to solve the problem of the congestion of Waterloo Bridge and the bottle-neck of Wellington Street. This consists of a four traffic line bridge of the Sydney Harbour type, the shore ends of which would be linked on to a traffic tunnel through the blue clay



THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE: A diagram showing how the courses of rivers no longer extant have rendered the material into which run the prongs of the piers of Rennie's structure too unstable to support the greatly increased traffic that uses the bridge. The Fleet and the Holborn (hollow bourne) made their way through the present Thames bed



THE RIVERS OF OLD LONDON: A diagram, not to scale, showing how the minor streams of London used to run through the bed now occupied by the Thames while the parent river occupied a different position. Now that the Thames has altered its course, the scour brought by these streams renders its bed unstable in places for building

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Why Its Arch Collapsed and a Suggestion for a New Type of Bridge

The problem of Waterloo Bridge is in danger of becoming obscured. The main function of a bridge is to provide a means for traffic to cross a river or other obstacle. If the structure can be designed so that it harmonizes with its surroundings, so much the better, but if this decreases its efficiency then it ceases to function economically. A vigorous campaign is being carried on to prevent the demolition of old Waterloo Bridge, the reasons advanced being that it is one of London's monuments and one of the finest bridges in the world. The former it may be; the latter it ceased to be—as a *bridge*—years ago.

The proposed bridge at Charing Cross would cost the enormous sum of £16,500,000, making the scheme impossible of realization, at any rate for the present, and Waterloo Bridge is therefore the only means left for getting across the river. When the latter was built 115 years ago it sufficed for the traffic of that time. To-day, even if it were still in good condition, it would not reduce the congestion, because it is too narrow to take the requisite number of lines of traffic.

The London County Council's plans for the new bridge are for a structure to take six lines of traffic, but the "bottle-neck" of Wellington Street takes only four, and as there is no prospect of this thoroughfare being widened there appears to be no point in stipulating for six lines over the bridge.

It is also proposed that the new bridge shall have five spans instead of eight as in the old structure. I have already endeavoured to demonstrate elsewhere that the collapse of the old bridge was due to the unreliable nature of the clay upon which its foundations were based. To build with five arches instead of eight does not get over that difficulty.

But putting this point aside, what necessity is there for adhering, even remotely, to the original type of bridge? Since Rennie designed his "masterpiece" the aspect of the river front has greatly changed.

On account of the unreliable nature of the clay beneath the river bed, I now suggest that a single span bridge should be erected—something after the style of the Sydney Harbour bridge for instance.

The main objection to this type is that its weight has to be borne at the ends instead of by a number of piers and, as in the present case, this would be London clay, a new difficulty arises. The pressure per sq. ft. on this material, which is considered a safe load, is 4½ tons. The narrow width of Wellington Street and the proximity of neighbouring property which could not be acquired prevent this weight being distributed over a wide enough area.

My suggestion is that a road tunnel should be constructed to start from the eastern end of Australia House, carried beneath the Strand, to curve gently into Wellington Street. It would then follow the line of the bridge beneath the Thames and emerge again near Waterloo Station.

The tunnel forms part of the foundations of the bridge. It is the chord of the arc taking up its longitudinal thrust and distributing its weight over a considerable area.

Besides enabling a single span bridge to be erected on clay this tunnel solves part of the traffic congestion. It need be constructed for only *four* lines of traffic, and is therefore in keeping with the restricted width of Wellington Street. Fleet Street cross-river traffic would be divided, half proceeding via the tunnel, the other half over the bridge. Aldwych traffic would be dealt with in the same way.

This, however, does little towards relieving the Charing Cross–Strand congestion. It is therefore suggested that a similar tunnel be made to start in Northumberland Avenue, pass beneath the end of Charing Cross Station, and then beneath the river in a straight line to the Portal in Waterloo Road. All Charing Cross traffic would proceed by this tunnel also 50 per cent. of the Strand traffic, the other 50 per cent. via the Waterloo Bridge or tunnel.

The approximate cost of this scheme would be:

	£
One span Waterloo Bridge for four lines of traffic, say	1,000,000
Waterloo Tunnel, say	1,000,000
Charing Cross Tunnel, say	1,000,000
	£3,000,000

Twin tunnels being preferable for one-way traffic the last two items should be doubled, in which case the total cost of the scheme which would solve the problems of (a) Charing Cross traffic, (b) Strand–Fleet Street traffic, and (c) Waterloo Bridge would be met by an expenditure of about £5,000,000.

The London County Council's present scheme for a new bridge alone is estimated to involve an expenditure of £1,300,000, but some authorities consider that this is too low by another million.

Another scheme is to recondition old Waterloo Bridge and to build a road bridge near Charing Cross; the estimate for this is £2,750,000.

F. H. Mackintosh

A DENIZEN OF THE FENS: Rana Esculata, the edible or water frog which, in England, is to be found in its greatest profusion in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. Owing to its curious cry during the spawning season, it is ironically termed "the Cambridgeshire nightingale." The specimen seen above is in the attitude in which it gives vent to its "song"

BREATHING AIR: A toad tadpole which has just developed lungs In early July or late June, it leaves the water to spend its life on land save at spawning time

TRITON TAENIATUS, the striped newt, swims about displaying his polychromatic attraction to his potential mates—an example of the weapons of Nature

WITH SKIN SLOUGHED: A female striped newt, having just shed her skin, to be seen hanging, diaphanous and delicate, among the water weeds of the pond

AQUATIC and AMPHIBIAN

Magnified, the crawly creatures of our ponds and swampy places suggest survivals of those terrifying prehistoric monsters, models of which can be seen at the Science Museum. Actually, and fortunately for us all, they are simple, harmless creatures though their very names are sufficiently alarming to the layman: batrachians and cæcilians are sounding terms for these clumsy-looking animal groups. Despite their unwieldy names and bodies they are nevertheless of especial attraction, not so much because of their appearance, but by reason of their remarkable life history. Boys find them fascinating, and they are curiosities to students of lowly life; but the photographer, as a general rule, has not discovered sufficient "scenic" value in their appearance and habitat to pay much attention to them. Striking pictures like those which accompany this article are very rarely seen, though they are of particular interest.

The amphibians or batrachians are divided into three groups, namely the tailless batrachians, the tailed batrachians, and the limbless batrachians.

The first group comprises the frogs and toads, the second the newts and salamanders, while the third is represented by the worm-like burrowing creatures called cæcilians.

At this time of year the common frog is much in evidence, and during the spring and summer months it spends most of its time in the water. The spawning season usually commences in March, but a great deal depends upon the temperature and weather conditions. A female will deposit up to 4,000 eggs at a time, and these are enveloped in a jelly-like substance which floats in a mass upon the surface of the water. After an interval of two or three weeks the young ones emerge, the tadpoles then undergoing a series of transformations before they reach maturity.

The general appearance of a frog is so familiar as to need no description, but we cannot refrain from quoting the following from an essay written by a Norwegian schoolboy:

"What a wonderful bird the frog are. When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail, hardly either; when he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

Only two species of frogs are found in the British Isles. The second one is the edible or water frog, the latter name being given to it because it rarely leaves the water. In this country its distribution is confined to Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. Owing to the loud noise it utters during the spawning season it is often ironically called "the Cambridgeshire nightingale." In many parts of Europe the flesh of this frog is eaten, and in Paris as much as 80,000 francs are spent annually upon such fare.

An interesting group of frogs are the tree frogs, of which the green species is probably the most familiar. In Germany it is a common practice to keep these little creatures in glass cases, with a little ladder erected therein, to act as weather prophets. When they sit at the bottom it is supposed to be a portent of unsettled weather, but when they climb up to the top fine weather may be expected.

The common toad may be distinguished from the frog by its warty skin, and by the fact that it progresses by walking instead of by hopping. Its spawn, moreover, is deposited in long strings which sink to the bottom of the water. The creature makes an interesting pet, lives for a long time in captivity, and will soon learn to recognize those who attend to its needs.

Newts, of which several kinds are found in the British Isles, are easily distinguished from frogs and toads by their elongated form and conspicuous tail. The male of the crested newt is an especially handsome creature, an upstanding and deeply-notched crest arising along the ridge of its back. It breeds from April to June, the female laying her eggs either singly or in small batches upon the stems of water plants or upon stones.

The British lizards are represented by three species—the viviparous lizard, the sand lizard, and the slow worm. The latter does not possess legs, and for this reason it is often mistaken for a snake. As implied by its name the viviparous lizard brings forth living young ones (as also does the slow worm), but the sand lizard lays eggs from which the young emerge.

Now is the time to watch and study these creatures. The frogs and toads are developing into legged animals having passed through the tadpole stage, during which time as big-headed, fishlike creatures they slowly lost their swimming tails while legs gradually developed.

W. S. B.

IN BUSY SHEFFIE

The Result of a Special "Sphere" Photogr

RAZOR BLADES: Punching out blanks is the first operation in the manufacture of Eclipse blades by Messrs. J. Neill and Co. A strip of metal is passed through the machine from which a standard size is punched out

EXAMINATION of Eclipse razor blades by an employee of Messrs. J. Neill and Co. Hardened and tempered blanks are examined and sorted before the cutting edge of the blade is formed. The technical term for an unedged blade is a "blank"

"SMITHING" CIRCULAR SAWS is a process designed to take out stresses in the s flatten the surface before it is ground. Setting the teeth and testing the tension a operations. The picture shows an operation in the works of Messrs. Spear and Jac

HAND-GRINDING: Abrasive stones have replaced sandstone — a scene from Rodgers and Co.

HAND-WORK: An operation termed "saw-piecing" —a delicate type of work—at the Mappin and Webb works at Sheffield

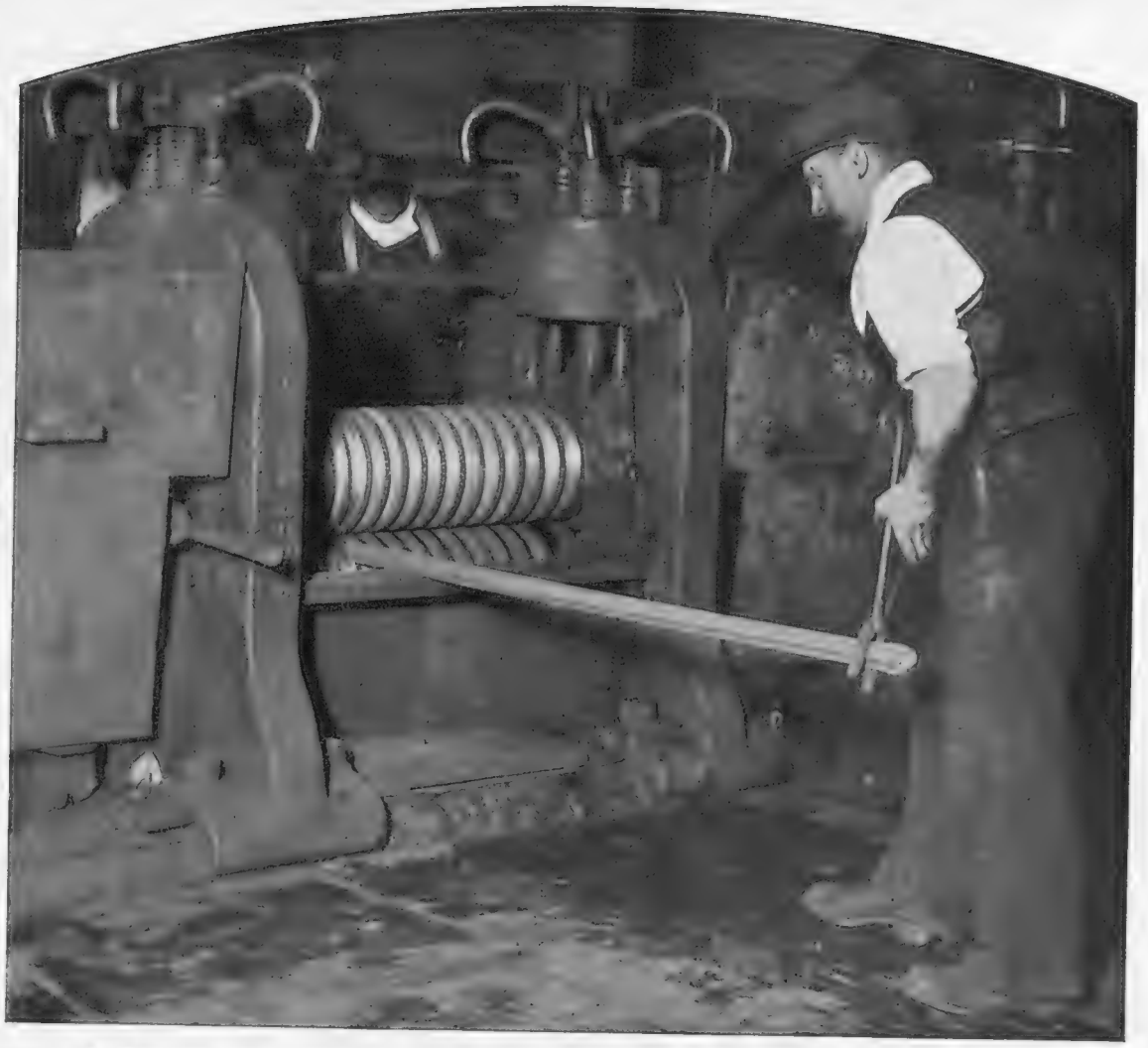
CHROMIUM was at first used commercially only for the manufacture of chrome steel. During the past few years it has sprung into every day use for the plating of many things—a picture of rinsing after plating, from Messrs. A. H. Bisby and Co., Ltd.

POLISHING AND EXAMINING scissors is process in their production—a pictu Rodgers and Co.

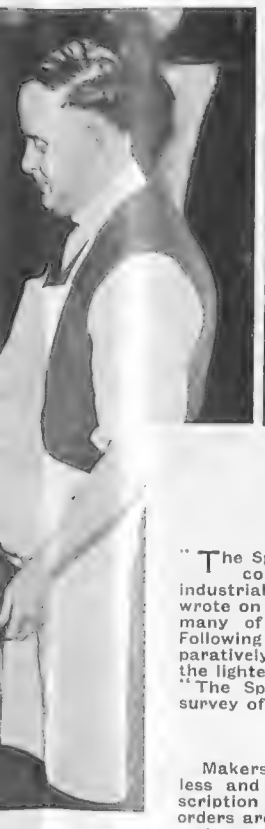
IELD TO-DAY

otographic Survey of the City

STEEL USED FOR MANY PURPOSES: Stay-bright steel rolled in a sheet at the works of Messrs. Thomas Firth and John Brown, Ltd.



COGGING OR ROLLING BAR STEEL: Bars of (in this case stainless) steel are moulded or rolled into various sections or shapes, such as for railway lines which are rolled to the particular angle required. Hexagonal and other forms are made by Messrs. Thomas Firth and John Brown, Ltd.



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"The Sphere" has from time to time this year commented on the brighter spots in the industrial situation. On March 26, Mr. Baker White wrote on the change from old trades to new ones, many of which were doing very well indeed. Following reports from Sheffield that the comparatively new industry of chromium plating and the lighter steel industries were doing very well, "The Sphere" has undertaken a photographic survey of these, happily, busy spots.

Makers of safety razors, scissors, knives, stainless and corrosion-resisting steels of every description are working at high pressure, and large orders are also being received for steel parts for motor vehicles, etc. This is largely due to the energy and enterprise of the manufacturers. The April figures for razor blades show the biggest output yet attained. Sheffield still holds her place as first in the world for the very high qualities of her steel, and her manufacturers possess not only the finest plants of machinery, but the best materials and the most highly skilled labour. Very extensive scientific metallurgical laboratories are at the disposal of the manufacturers.

It is also interesting to note that Sheffield has contributed very materially to the success of the machines which have won for Britain in recent years the world's speed records by land, air, and water. The vital parts of such machines as the "Blue Bird" and "Miss England II," as well as the aeroplanes flown by Miss Amy Johnson, Mr. Bert Hinkler, the Duchess of Bedford, Mr. Scott, Mr. Mollison, and Sir Henry Seagrave's "Golden Arrow," were all made of Sheffield steel.

In the race for the Schneider Trophy in 1930, the winning aeroplane and others, including even the Italian machines, contained parts of Sheffield origin.

During the present week the Sheffield City Development Committee and the Lighter Trades Association are holding an interesting exhibition of Sheffield goods at Messrs. Selfridges in Oxford Street, where samples of most of the important creations of the Steel City, from tuning forks and table knives to engineers' tools, are being shown. There are also a number of working demonstrations.

THE LARGEST CHROMIUM PLATING VAT IN EUROPE: At the Stainless Plating Co., Ltd., bathroom utensils and spoons are being dipped in the vat 24 ft. long filled with chromic acid solution from which the chromium metal is drawn and deposited by electric current; *on right*, plated motor radiators are seen being polished

75,000 KNIVES A WEEK are produced by Messrs. A. H. Bisby and Co., Ltd.

HALF A CENTURY OF WORK has already been put in by Mr. A. Grove, an employee of Messrs. Turner and Co., who is seen grinding a carver. The April export figures for cutlery were very good

FRICASSEE AMERICAINE

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY: Messrs. William Allen and Orville Wilson point out the spot where they found—seventy-three days after it had been kidnapped—the body of the Lindbergh baby. It has been stated that certain knowledge of the murder and of the location of the body was possessed by certain individuals two days before the body was discovered

WISDOM AFTER THE EVENT: Newspaper men examined the spot where the body of the Lindbergh baby was found, some five miles away from the Lindbergh house. The number of morbid sightseers that thronged the area was so great that itinerant vendors of peanuts, popcorn, ginger-ale, and hot dogs flocked to Hopewell and did a roaring trade—comment on which is superfluous

THE SCENE OF A YANKEE HOLIDAY: An air view of the area surrounding Mt. Rose, New Jersey, whither thousands of morbid trippers made their way after the body of the baby had been found. A violent outburst of decent public opinion, in America and elsewhere, has inveighed furiously against the type of mentality—characteristic of the present Age of Sensation—which permits of such degrading exhibitions of hideous ghoulishness

THE "GUN MOLL": Mrs. Mary Keck, who left her husband and two children in Cleveland to elope with "Smiling Joe" Filkoski, a robber who has just been arrested in possession of gems worth £20,000 which have been identified

ALL THAT THEY ASK! Free lunches in the schools for the children of unemployed and surcease from the exploitation of child labour (forbidden by statute in the U.S.A.) were the demands made by a mass parade in Boston, Mass., of the children of Communistic hunger-marchers—a gathering whose ardour was damped by pouring rain

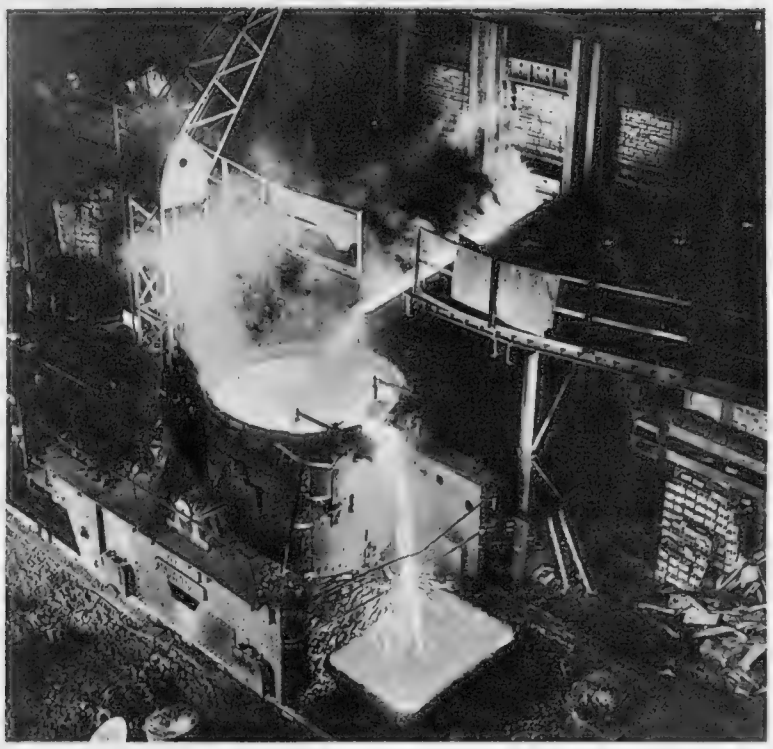
FROM THE PHYSICAL TO THE "SPIRITUAL"! "Miss America 1921"—now Sister Edith Pennington, and a beauty queen—has turned hot gospeller, rivalling Sister Aimée, and is out to convert New York

PRUDENT LAWFULNESS: The Hunger Marchers, who besieged the State House in Boston and had their demands refused, dispersed in orderly fashion. As rioting had been feared, the State House was "stiff with police"

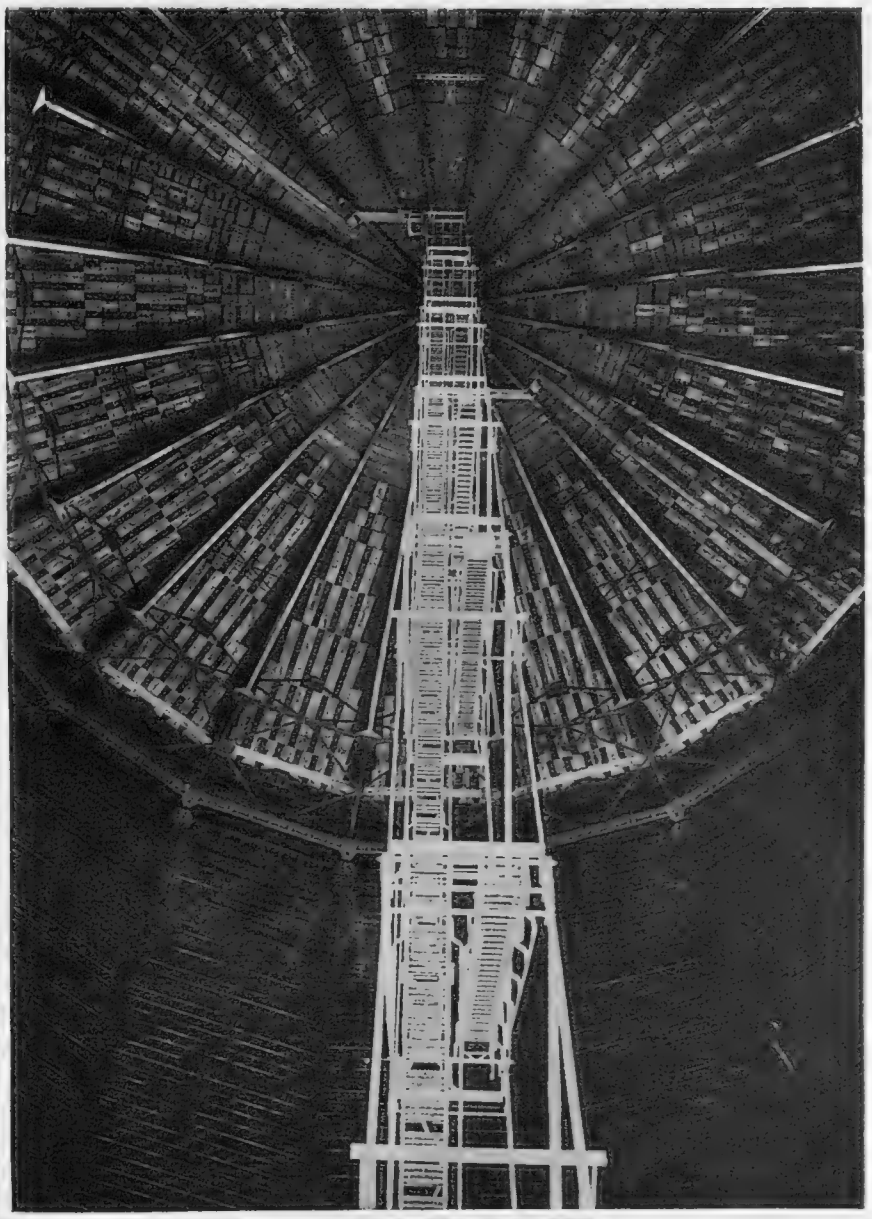
BOOSTING "BOOZE" ON WATER! Members of the Frostbite Yacht Club, New Rochelle, N.Y., stage a "wet parade" on the final day of the winter racing season

A VOLSTEAD TRIUMPH: Sacks and barrels of corn, sugar, and malt seized in the Old Citizens' Brewery, Chicago, in the biggest coup ever made by the Prohibition Department. The brewery has been definitely linked to Capone

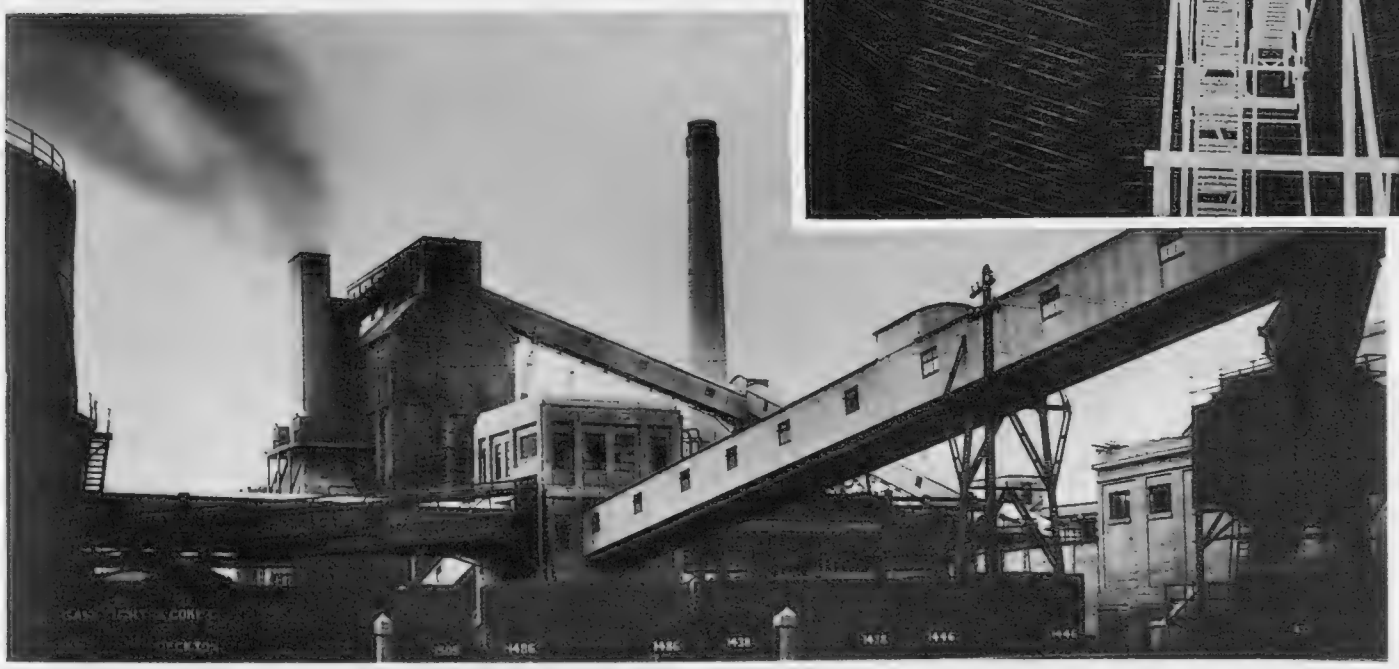
MECHANICS



TAPPING THE FURNACE: Seventy tons of molten metal flowing from the furnace to a huge ladle—an operation in the manufacture at Crewe of steel for L.M.S. railway lines



SEVEN MILLION CUBIC FEET OF GAS are contained in the Battersea gasholder which, 320 ft. in height, is believed to be the tallest building of its type in Europe. The spectator is here looking down on the cover or raft which rests on the gas—the steps in the centre are for the use of the lubricating staff. As the gas rises the steps fold up automatically



THE MAJESTY OF INDUSTRY: A vista of one section of the Gas Light and Coke Company's extensive works at Beckton, near East Ham, where a vital phase of London's public service is handled. The picture shows the coke and coal conveyors

800 TONS OF STEEL IN CONSTRUCTING GIANT COAL CONVEYOR: A remarkable engineering feat is almost complete at the Battersea Power Station, where this giant coal conveyor, possibly the biggest in the world, is rapidly nearing completion. 800 tons of steel are being used and, when ready, it will convey hundreds of tons of coal at a time to whatever part of the gigantic power station may need it

BOOKS :

An Unscientific Book on Russia by a Scientist : Verbose Muscovy : Pretentious Renaissance : Pellucid and Cocksure Prose

By CECIL ROBERTS

In an endeavour to keep an open mind about Russia, I have eagerly watched for any book, picture, record of travel, mechanical or scientific contribution to society, which might be counted in favour of the Soviet. Yet in twelve years there has not proceeded out of Russia a single imaginative work that points to any cultural life in any way approaching the fruits of the old regime. This seems to be, since I am apt to measure civilization by these things, an unanswerable criticism of the mode of life in Russia to-day. The constructive artist cannot survive the political turmoil, his individualism is crushed out. Whenever I meet Soviet enthusiasts I ask them to name any single work of artistic merit. The best they can quote, as an example, is a Russian film. Even if one could take films seriously as works of art the best I have seen of the Russian products, when they were not under the direct influence of German producers and photographers, were too odd to be accepted as anything but interesting freaks.

My own knowledge of Russia is so limited, I have but touched the fringe of Russia, and know no one word of the language, that I have refrained from drawing unfavourable deductions from all I saw, though I have yet to see else in the world life so repulsive in its entire absence of any feeling for beauty. When I turn to an intelligent and trained scientific observer like Mr. Julian Huxley, who presents us with *A Scientist Among the Soviets* (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.), I am rewarded not with information but with propaganda. I do not wish to seem rude or ungrateful to a gentleman for whose brain and work I have the very highest admiration, but this little book shows into what a morass of errors a doctrinaire mind can wade. He tells us really nothing at all about Russia. We get some pleasant pictures of bathers in the river, of a youth at work in a field, but of the actual life of the working man, and of what remains of the middle and professional classes there is little.

And in some aspects of the enquiry into the respective merits of the present social fabrics, Mr. Huxley is fantastically wrong. He seems so obsessed with the Russian experiment, merely because it is an experiment, that he cannot be just to our present social system which, with all its faults, has given the great majority health and happiness. It is not possible for a single person to starve to death in the British Isles. That could not be said of Russia, where hundreds of thousands have died of hunger since the advent of the Soviet regime. But when Mr. Huxley comes to weigh these facts his common sense seems apt to desert him. As an example of his fantastic approach to truth, observe his reasoning in an attempt to estimate the change in productivity and average standard of living since the late Middle Ages, after the Black Death :

"We shall be erring on the side of caution if we estimate the increase in productivity at fifty, and on the side of excess if we estimate the rise in real well-being for the mass of the people at five. On such a basis there is a disparity of ten to one; and such a figure would represent the wastefulness from the point of view of society as a whole of our present system with all its vested interests, middle-men, parasites, its internal friction, and its actual waste."

Actually, such a figure represents just nothing at all. A few moments' reflection will show that Mr. Huxley's fifty is a meaningless symbol. Fifty what—and why fifty? And for what reason is the rise in the well-being for the mass of the people put at five? With equal reason one could say ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or two hundred. There is no reason at all in such a proposition; it is ludicrously fantastic. Yet it serves for Mr. Huxley airily to condemn our present state of society with its unemployment pay, medical treatment, old-age pensions, housing, free education, restricted hours of labour.

There is in Russia not a single broadspread application of one of these benefits. We are asked to admire a Russian factory, simply because it possesses a crowded restaurant, a gymnasium, a crèche, a reading-room, an indoor and outdoor theatre. You travel hundreds of miles to see these odd exhibitions, existing side by side with the most appalling housing conditions. Yet factories with these amenities can be found in almost every small town in England to-day. The pioneer work at Bournville and Port Sunlight has spread over all England. What, then, is the Russian contribution to society? It has produced no literature, no art, no discoveries in science. There is not a single external social service or scientific enterprise supported by the Soviet. And how Mr. Huxley contrives to change his mentality in Russia! A holiday crowd with every Hampstead Heath attribute of democracy becomes, in Moscow, a delightful entertainment. "We experienced a real exhilaration from our brief immersion in this organized mass activity shared with four or five hundred other human beings." Well, Mr. Huxley can enjoy such an immersion on any Bank Holiday at home, but I believe it would be briefer.

With the best will in the world, even to the extent of giving his critical faculty a holiday, Mr. Huxley fails to make the Russian scene attractive or even tolerable. One does not deny the greatness of the experiment, but for so much turmoil, so much misery, insecurity, brutality, dishonesty, and incessant propaganda at home and abroad, there seems very little worth having in exchange. This is an interesting but depressing book. The Soviet could not have found a more sympathetic observer; even so, the result does not fill me with the slightest desire to witness the experiment here.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"My Story," by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net); "Bourguinville," by MAURICE THIERY (Grayson. 15s. net); "The Strange Case of Bonar Law," by H. A. TAYLOR (Stanley Paul. 10s. net); "Discretions and Indiscretions," by LADY DUFF GORDON (Jarrolds. 18s. net); "Story of Science," by DAVID DIETZ (George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net); "The Monster of Dusseldorf," by PETER KURTEN (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net)

As if in support of my contention that the present regime in Russia has proved deadly to the creative artist there comes to hand a novel by "the foremost novelist of the Soviets," Boris Pilnyak, *The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea* (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.). If Pilnyak is the foremost, my mind faints at any conception of his runners-up. This heavy, indigestible story makes one wonder what has happened to a race that gave us Tolstoy, Chekov, Dostoieffsky. It attempts to tell the story of mass labour and constructions, with much intermingled Soviet propaganda. A scientist attempts to change the course of a great river and fertilize vast tracts of land. But the novel has no sense of the dramatic, the dialogue never lives, and the whole thing is weighed down with great chunks of descriptive detail that contribute nothing to the movement of the story.

"In this droshky he went on his business to the Gosplan, the People's Commissariat for Agriculture (Narkomzem), and the Moscow Land Department (Mozo). In the Mozo Pimen Sergeyevich learned that the engineer, Edgar Ivanovitch Laszlo, was working on the construction of the monolith. Pimen Sergeyevich's face clouded when . . ."

No, this is not a caricature of the Russian school.

Here is another Russian novel, though this has been written in English by a Russian Jewess, Esther Salaman, *Two Silver Roubles* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). It covers the period of the Revolution and the civil war that followed. It is told in the first person and for this reason tends to become a series of pictures and portraits rather than a story, but it serves to present what appears to be a faithful account of the fate that overtook the professional classes in Russia. It is a tale of suffering told with singular charm.

I wish I could say that I understood *The Quattro Cento*, by Adrian Stokes (Faber and Faber. 25s.). Here is a beautifully produced work with 104 illustrations in collotype, in which Mr. Stokes sets forth "a different conception of the Italian Renaissance." Alas, I must honestly confess that, having read the book carefully, I fail to understand clearly what the different conception is. This first book deals with Florence and Verona chiefly, though Mr. Stokes makes excursions round his beloved Italy at will. My trouble with the book is that in an attempt to be arresting, or original, or merely because he will not take the trouble to write clearly, Mr. Stokes's meaning is lost in a fog of words. After reading the first chapter I went back again, wondering whether this book was not a bad translation of a bad writer. Of certain buildings Mr. Stoke writes :

"Theirs is the light but well-corded slumber of the afternoon. Without recess they are living from the outside, drawing in great breaths of air specked with noise, sound of a cough muffled by a bell, of a boy's scramble shot with the hoof of a standing cart-horse out upon the cobbles of the piazza; noises that give themselves upon the few loiterers, who were not seen to move up, and will not be seen to move away, noises woven into a dream of basket-firm somnolence."

There are pages of this kind of impossible prose, which, analysed, is pretentious nonsense. I do not know how you can speck air with noise, or muffle a cough with a bell, or shoot a boy's scramble with a horse hoof, or suffer a basket-firm somnolence. What does all this jargon mean? And yet I feel that deep within him, Mr. Stokes's scholarly, richly informed mind has something it wants to say, something that is of importance. I gather that Mr. Stokes's thesis is that the artists of the fifteenth century in Italy discovered stone as a satisfying means of expression, and this discovery of the concrete world he calls *Quattro Cento*. To examine and interpret these discoveries is the purpose of this book. Mr. Stokes allows no stone to pass him by. He knows its origin, its texture, its effect under certain lights and seasons. He brings, as it were, a new pair of eyes to the seeing of well-known things. Because of this I have struggled with Mr. Stokes's monstrous prose, and have felt well rewarded by illuminating passages on early Renaissance sculpture or architecture which have escaped the author's worst mannerisms.

There is never any doubt about what Mr. Compton Mackenzie wants to say. He might be accused of a cocksure prose. There is no Gothic twilight hovering over the landscape he surveys. He confines his posturing to life and keeps his style limpid. So it matters not whether we encounter him as the

(Continued on p. 358)

THE DUBARRY: Anny Ahlers, the brilliant German star, with Heddle Nash in the rôle of Renée Lavallery

DUBARRY CELEBRATES: Mr. Edmund Willard, in the drinks a toast with musical honours before going to of a King at that period of her existence

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE, whose collected papers contributed to various journals under the title of *Unconsidered Trifles*, written in his usual brilliantly lucid prose, are reviewed above

"THE DUBARRY" at His Majesty's

THE LOVERS: Lawrence Anderson as Louis XV and Anny Ahlers as Mme Dubarry. They are treated from a romantic, but not altogether unhistorical viewpoint

PLAYS:

Two Detective Plays Without a Mystery Between Them: The Passing of a Great Comedian: Opera: The Ageless Pinero

By PHILIP PAGE

One should be grateful to Mr. Van Druten for having written what one must, I suppose, call a detective play without worrying who committed the murder and without letting his audience worry either. For it is not in the precision of its detective work that the true value of a crime play lies, provided the author has the gumption to provide a more attractive element—the skilfully-drawn characters concerned in it and the sense of the stage which must accompany them. *Somebody Knows*, at the St. Martin's, is not the best of Mr. Van Druten's plays; but the sense of the stage is always apparent and his people are Dickensian in their vitality. Only his hero is colourless—another Dickensian trait, for so were David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby.

There was no harm in Mr. Frank Lawton who played the part registering boyish charm, for something had to be done to make the young man even tolerable. He was a bright and penniless youth who lived in a boarding-house whose proprietress he paid by kisses and by calling her "madre." He also brought home a prostitute to live there, and she, too, did not pay anything: they were not lovers, but he was out to make an honest woman of her at the landlady's expense. When the unfortunate girl crept out surreptitiously to earn something at her old trade with which to pay a woman who could not afford to keep her, young Sir Galahad waxed very angry and she was found strangled a few hours later. As Miss Violet Loraine used to say, "A poor girl's got to be so careful."

A PURSE OF GOLD: Anny Ahlers and Edmund Willard as Comte Dubarry in the sweeping success at His Majesty's

...ôle of Comte Dubarry, surrounded by his friends, ...he *maison tolerée* wherein the charming future Charmer ...ives and moves and has her being

Did Sir Galahad do it? He was tried and acquitted; anyway, I don't think he did. Perhaps the slayer was a dark-haired schoolmistress living in the house (she loved the young man). Perhaps it was the landlady, or the landlady's sinister young son. Personally, I would plump for an old man who came to tea in Act I, simply because he had no motive whatever, and because by the time the murder had been committed everyone had forgotten him. For it is one of the rules of a murder play that one suspects the least likely person. But I am forgetting that Mr. Van Druten does not want us to suspect anyone. What is so much more important is that he has written a play in which the interest never flags. Miss Beatrix Thomson, as the girl who was murdered, gave a superb performance—every touch right and no over-emphasis anywhere. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt must be very tired of playing acidulated young women with suppressed heart-yearnings, but she plays them uncommonly well.

Mr. J. B. Priestley, like Mr. Van Druten, deals with murder in an unconventional way. His form of unconventionality is that the murder (or suicide?) had been committed before the start of the play, the object of which is to show what scandal and what a series of probings and confessions may arise from some chance remark, in itself both innocent and negligible. This makes the play ingenious, but it doesn't make it at all easy. When all the action has taken place before the rise of the curtain, and nothing but talk occurs afterwards, some members of the public may be excused for wondering what the play is all about, and when something will happen. Nothing, so far as I could gather, happened, except that one of the men (and a publisher at that) kept on going to the whisky decanter with unmistakable results. But even that turned out to be a dream, or an imaginary happening, or something of the sort.

But Mr. Priestley's skill in making everyone on the stage bicker without boring, and generally hold an inquest not on the dead man but on themselves, is fascinating. *Dangerous Corner* is out of the ordinary, not consciously so, but because the author's ideas happen to work that way. And it is full of charm and a sense of style which alike deserve a busy box office.

Miss Marie Ney and Miss Flora Robson had respectively to be catty and downright, and succeeded thoroughly. Miss Isla Bevan, now a blonde and vividly suggestive of Miss Constance Bennett, is steadily improving. Mr. Richard Bird was good, if a trifle insincere, or suggestive of insincerity. But he had a difficult course.

Quite recently in these columns I was bewailing the absence in this present variety boom of the singer of broadly comic songs. Mr. George Robey is by far the best of the few still in harness; but for the moment he has deserted the music-halls for comic opera in which, for some inscrutable reason, he is not given a song at all.

But the greatest of the "old-timers" was Harry Randall, who has just died after many years of retirement. He could sing a song with incomparable verve and point and was one of the best pantomime comedians I ever saw. And what songs they were that he had to sing! They had amusing words and good rollicking tunes and most of them are still remembered, unlike the ephemeral ditties of to-day which last about two months. And they were robustly English, too. "Let 'em all Come" was a gem in its way. So, too, were "I Was in It—Fairly in It," "Poor Pa Paid" and, above all, "It ain't all Lavender."

Harry Randall was a good fellow, modest and unaffected, and he wrote the least-conceited book of reminiscences on record. In it he proved himself something of a prophet; for if he did not precisely foretell non-stop variety, which is about the most remunerative form of entertainment now in London, he came precious near it. "Someone will come along," he wrote a few years ago, "and revive variety in a different form. Different surroundings, everything effectively made the most of and placed palatably before audiences. . . . When the proper specialist has been called in, I think we shall find that variety is not quite defunct."

Covent Garden continues to demonstrate, by vast and enthusiastic audiences, that Old Man Wagner is very much to the public taste. The only occasion on which the theatre has not been crammed full to the last square inch was the performance of *The Flying Dutchman*, which is, of course, an early work in which the great man was feeling his way, not always quite successfully. There was some good singing in it by Herr Schorr, Herr Helbers, Mr. Parry Jones, and Miss Odette de Foras, and the problem of placing two ships, big enough to contain human beings, on the stage of a theatre was grappled with as successfully as is humanly possible, though the spectacle was hardly convincing as such.

A superb performance of *Gotterdammerung*, under Sir Thomas Beecham—surely one of the best this or any other opera house has ever known—had a big fly in the ointment in the form of some execrable horn-playing. The horn-players (or, at any rate, some of them) consistently gave us wrong notes and went sadly out of tune. What Sir Thomas said to them afterwards I can only imagine. I would make the serious suggestion that they pay a visit to any competent students' orchestra in order to learn a thing or two.

DUKE AND COURTESAN: C. M. Hallard as the Duc de Choiseul and Anny Ahlers in the superb farthingale she wears in one scene of the spectacular musical success at His Majesty's. In deference to the traditions of the play's *genre*, Dubarry is shown as being deeply and sincerely enamoured of her royal lover

If Sir Arthur Pinero at the age of seventy-seven has set out in *A Cold June* at the Duchess to prove how up-to-date he can be by showing us an exact picture of the modern girl, he has failed, well worth seeing though his play undoubtedly is. If his object has been to portray a certain *type* of 1932 femininity his success is astonishing, for his method is little less than photographic. With uncanny cleverness he reveals the dreadful inner vulgarity of the icy blonde of great beauty and impeccable deportment who has the manners of a duchess and a heart of tin. He knows, too, that gold-digging is the only job that has not about it the dignity of toil. Wise old Sir Arthur!

But he has made his heroine rather too unpleasant. Not for a moment are we allowed to sympathize with this pretty creature whose mother had been a sort of Mrs. Tanqueray of her day and whose mind was money. June is a common minx for all her chilly behaviour and faultless gestures. She merely sails expensively through the comedy, playing one rich man off against another until she picks the richest of the lot, a young Peer with a yacht. Even here she is on her guard and will be able to return to former rich men if necessary.

She is not even a courtesan, for two of the men think they are her father. This episode, which might have been unpleasant, is handled in the skilfully amusing manner of the author's old Court Theatre farces, and is quite free from any nastiness. The amazing Pinero technique is as sure as ever; and if one can spot Pinero's dialogue without any clue other than that offered by internal evidence, I, for one, would not have it otherwise. Sheraton or Chippendale is unmistakable in its style, and none the worse for that.

There was, I think, some miscasting, But Miss Betty Stockfeld as June not only looked lovely, which is no tribute to her intelligence, but acted with plenty of brains. A really fine performance. Mr. Hugh Wakefield, elegant and monocled, had to suggest the atmosphere of bachelor chambers in Bury Street, and found no difficulty in doing so in characteristically diverting fashion.

It is a curious fact that many plays which are produced in the week with an eye to a long run and commercial success achieve neither and bear no sign of hopefulness, whereas the special Sunday-night performance, regarded more often than not as Art for Art's sake, is bright and interesting, and obviously of box-office value. That is what struck me when, about twenty-four hours after the last of the four performances of *Queer Cattle* at the Haymarket, I watched at the St. Martin's Theatre *Half-Holiday*, by Mr. Charles Hickman.

Mr. Hickman, I understand, is not long past his twenty-first birthday, and this is his first play. It displays such promise that, given health and strength, he should celebrate the success of his twenty-first play in due course. If it is allowed to rest in a drawer after this solitary appearance I shall not be surprised, for the London manager is given to moving in a mysterious way. But I shall be vastly disappointed, for Mr. Hickman might be discouraged, and that would be a pity. However, he has had a good send-off and deserves it.

Half-Holiday is a little comedy which really does deserve to be called sparkling. There was a flat patch in Act III; but when it had begun to endanger the interest of the whole the author popped in another pinch of magic powder and it fizzed up again splendidly.

It is very slight—just a yarn about a man who flirted with his wife's secretary in order to promote jealousy. Yet it has all the neatness of the early work of the late Hubert Henry Davies. Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Miss Athene Seyler, and the author himself kept the fun going, and much credit was due to Mr. Milton Rosmer's careful producing.

MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE as Sister Gracie and Miss Joan White as Margarita in *The Kingdom of God*—translated from the Spanish of Martinez Sierra, to be revived for a short run at the Westminster next month

ENGLISH CLOTHES ARE CHIC . . . .

A SMART AND AMUSING FROCK: An original model by Peter Russell in coral wool *mousse* laced with stay-lacing. It is entitled "Shrimps for Tea"

An "All-British" dress shop is Peter Russell in Bruton Street. Mr. Russell, when showing a black woollen suiting said, "Now I want you all to look at this woollen material. If a British firm can produce anything as fine as this then we are supreme." We hear so many complaints about British materials from dress designers as well as other people that to hear a designer as good as Mr. Russell praise British materials so highly is indeed encouraging.

He has a very amusing sun-bathing cum-tennis-outfit. This consists of a white woollen tennis coat, under which is a crêpe de chine tennis frock with a wrap-over skirt. This frock unwraps to disclose a pair of very short silk shorts the jumper (sic) of which is high at the neck in front, and backless.

Pictures by Blake

IN SHADES OF BLUE AND BROWN: An original model by Peter Russell in royal blue *ciré* satin with a backless top of brown and white *peau d'ange*, skilfully girdled, and supported from the neck. On the left is the coat to match

DOVE PINK: An evening dress by Sarah Jane in classic lines. From a slanting décolletage at the back, a long sash crosses to tie at the left knee

For years France has dictated the fashions in clothes. If a woman wished to be really smart she went to Paris to buy her frocks and hats. Real "chic" was somehow only attained by the French dress designers. But times are changing, and that elusive "chic" can be found in England nowadays.

A show of models was recently given by Sarah Jane at the May Fair Hotel. Everything shown was exclusively English from start to finish. English designed, English materials, and English made, yet those clothes were as smart as anyone could wish. Miss Jane Munns, who designed them, obviously has a real flair for clothes, and at this show she very satisfactorily proved that "Buy British" did not necessitate being dowdy. During the last few months English manufacturers have made great and successful efforts to produce better and smarter materials. With the pound in its present state, and the introduction of tariffs England's chance has come, and the collection of all British models shown at the May Fair should for ever dispel our doubts about British clothes.

M. I. B.

ENGLISH FOULARD: An afternoon frock and coat in brown and white by Sarah Jane. The frock is sleeveless, the three-quarter length coat has three-quarter length sleeves. The hat was specially designed

SOCIETY and STAGE

"MADAME RECAMIER": The Hon. Mrs. James Beck poses as the Gerard masterpiece in the 1932 Exhibition of Painters' Photographs, by Peter North

Elwin Neame

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES WINN, the daughter of M. Henri van Heukelom of Paris, and the sister-in-law of Lord St. Oswald

"THE LADY WITH THE FAN": Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger recorded by Peter North in the pose of the Velasquez masterpiece

"MÆNAD IN FRENZY"—detail from a Grecian vase—posed by Lady Brougham and Vaux for the 1932 Exhibition of Painters' Photographs, by Peter North

ENTRÉE EN ENTR'ACTE! For the first time at Covent Garden the times have been arranged to permit of patrons eating between the acts of Wagner. *Die Walküre* began at 5.45 to permit of the inauguration. Herr Tauber (in monocle) is seen above

ARRIVAL: Herr Richard Tauber, who will play in "Land of Smiles," with his colleague, Miss Josie Fearon

REHEARSAL: M. Erik Charell, fresh from his success, *White Horse Inn* at the Coliseum, rehearses his new play, *Casanova*, at the same theatre. M. Charell is seen above between Signor Ferdinando Autori and Fraulein Sophie Schonning. To Signor Autori's left is Fraulein Greta Natzler; to Fraulein Schonning's right, Mr. Ben Williams and Miss Dorothy Dickson

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

PANORAMA BY RAIL: An exquisite vista at Vasbygdekeien Aurland, one of the loveliest of Narwegian beauty spots

A NORWEGIAN MOTOR ROAD: From this road near Odda can be seen the waters of the Hardanger Fjord

NORWAY by RAIL and ROAD

To the tourist who prefers sightseeing by land, Norway offers many distinct advantages through the development of its railway services. It is remarkable in a country with such tracts of wild Nature that travelling should be both easy and pleasant. Huge sums, however, have been expended to provide Norway with an adequate railway system, which with its up-to-date rolling stock, its general comfort, and its mountain trains replete with sleeping, dining, and observation cars, is on a par with the best that is to be found anywhere in Europe. Again, the country possesses good roads, and numerous and well-equipped motor routes connect outlying districts with the railways.

Now, let us commence our trip out from England.

From June 28 onwards—on Tuesdays and Saturdays in each week—fast trains will leave King's Cross for Newcastle, and the same day the visitor leaves Newcastle for Oslo by fast Royal Mail steamers of the Fred Olsen Line, which run in conjunction with the Norwegian State Railways.

Arriving at Oslo, the enchanting capital and holiday centre, the visitor finds many points of interest. No city in the world can offer such a profusion of beauty and wealth of scenery at so many points and at such a short distance from the city itself.

Go to Ekeberg and trace anew on the rocky hillside the image of the red deer sculptured there 4,000 years ago by one of our primitive ancestors during the Stone Age. Or to the University Garden and see the Runic characters cut into the pillars in the days when "Runic Odin hurled his war song to the gale."

Again, to Bygdo and view the Viking ships—unique and priceless relics, dating even further back than 999, when Leiv Erikson sailed a similar craft from Trondhjem across the North Atlantic to the American coast. Last, but not the least, to the Ski Museum among the pine woods above Holmenkollen, and study the sail-cloth boat that saved Nansen in the Arctic, or the tent that housed Ronald Amundsen at the North Pole.

Fixing Oslo as a "moving off" point, we take train for Bergen, the second largest city in Norway. The Bergen Railway is world renowned. It is known as one of Europe's most imposing and comfortable mountain railways. The construction of the line has been described as a masterpiece of engineering art. From the fjord in the West, from Bergen, the railway runs through valley and forest, over mountains and mountain wastes, past eternal snow and ice, and then pursues its way through broader valleys and cultivated fields to the fjord in the east, to Oslo by Oslofjord. It is 306 miles in length and was completed in the year 1909. It connects the capital, Oslo (Norway's largest seaport), with Bergen. The journey from Oslo to Bergen takes about twelve hours and the scenery we here behold is radiantly beautiful, full of interest and magnificently wild. Like all other Norwegian railways this line stands on a level with the best in Europe.

Arriving eventually at Bergen, we find a modern city of about 100,000 inhabitants, distinctly shipping and commercial, and possessing cultural interests. A tour of this town tells the history of centuries in its old churches and buildings, in picturesque town quarters and in museums and art galleries of note.

Two other important railways, new in construction, and covering many parts of interest are the Rauma railway running from Andalsnes to Dombaas, 71 miles in length, and the Dovre railway running from Dombaas to Trondhjem, 131 miles in length. On these lines one can travel from the western fjords across the wild mountains and down to the cathedral city of Trondhjem.

The Rauma railway follows the course of the Rauma river, from which it derives its name. The Rauma is one of the most noted salmon-rivers in Norway.

The Dovre railway derives its name from the Dovrefjell, one of the largest and best known range of mountains in Norway. For many hundreds of years there have been small hospices on the Dovrefjell which have now become comfortable hotels. The mountains are a source of unending joy to the sportsmen who frequent them all the year round.

After passing various high mountain stations, the line continues through cuttings and galleries blasted out of the mountain wall, high above the river and road. This is one of the most interesting parts of the railway. High up on the eastern side of the valley is seen the Varstigen Causeway. At one time the name Varstigen stood or a road of ill reputation. As late as 1818 when King Karl Johan travelled to Nidaros for his coronation, it was very difficult to negotiate. There is a new road now, running along the river bank, and from the comfortable security of a railway carriage (even though the train is travelling along a mountain ledge above a precipice) one can see the ancient and the modern—the old with its now deserted causeway, and the new with its procession of motor cars.

F. G. B.

THE RAILWAY RUNS through glorious scenery, skirting the cliffs of the various fjords and offering its passengers superb views

WHERE WINTER REIGNS: In the higher ground such as the slopes round Finse (4,007 ft.) snow is always to be found in summer time

THE CAPITAL OF THE NORTH of Norway is Bergen, a homely town with a special charm of its own

"WHEN THE FJORDS TURN BLUE": Folk songs add to the pleasure of the visitor—a scene on Hardanger Fjord

THE BEAUTY OF THE FJORDS: An exquisite vista of Norheimsund, Hardanger Fjord, the largest of the inlets of the sea

BLOSSOM TIME: Flaamkirke, on one side of which towers a stern and precipitous cliff and on the other a tree in full bloom

Phew! Stroll into a cool flannel suit

On the very first hot day, stroll in here and slip into a flannel suit, cool and light and easy fitting, and stroll out again fresh and unruffled. The suit you were wearing will be sponged and pressed and sent home. These flannel suits are made as a quiet-minded man would wish, and there are so many sizes and so many subtle variations of fitting that you can be certain of a suit that looks what it is—thoroughly good style.

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CONTINUATIONS

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST ROAD—*(Continued from p. 337)*

anything loose. The biggest improvement in road construction in the past fifty years is in the carpeting. If you can keep the water out of the foundations, as carpeting is supposed to do, you have done the most important part of the job.

"The failure of most roads is in the drainage system. It is the faulty drains which cause the water to form underneath and potholes to appear. There are at least twenty different kinds of carpet, but it would not be proper for me to tell you which I think is the best. A final point about modern roads is that they ought all to have merry-go-rounds at their junctions with other roads, so that motorists cannot have a clear view and go 'blinding' straight through. On this road we have circuses of 120-feet radius. But that is not enough to avoid accidents."

Investigation of different sections of the road prove at once that W. P. is right when he declares that in tendering for a job like this the contractor is taking a gamble compared with which the biggest plunge on the Stock Exchange or Wall Street is a mere flutter. True, the contractor is shown the boreholes which give an approximate idea of the strata at given points. But when he has to name a price for a job where the excavation at a single cutting involves digging out 300,000 cubic yards of ground, he is evidently taking an enormous risk.

Let us see how W. P. has fared. His road, beginning in Lord Derby's estate outside Liverpool, had first to go through sandy loam. This was excellent. It is a kind of soil which does not clog the shovel and yet consolidates well. Then came Windle Hill with its seam of coal which unemployed local miners were only too pleased to take away and keep, but also with its hard red sandstone and shale. Next on the route was Carr Mill, where the road had to pass under a railway. Here the soil was found to be the worst possible mixture of sand and clay which turns into "slurry" or liquid mud in wet weather, and goodness knows we have had no kind of a summer since the job began.

The men then ran into hard rock at Liverpool Road and Haydock. Nobody suspected its presence, and it had to be blasted out amid great local excitement. Farther on, near the racecourse, 70,000 cubic yards of red sandstone had to be excavated. However, this when broken up made good "fill" for going over the subsequent valleys. Six miles followed over low-lying ground on which 750,000 cubic yards of ashes had to be imported and laid. Much of it was bought from some glass works ten miles distant, and two railway sidings had to be constructed to handle it.

From there onwards there was nothing but clay until the road ran into some 200 year-old coal-mine galleries so ancient that there was no record of them in any of the survey maps. Then there was clay once more until the boundaries of Manchester were reached. Speaking generally, W. P. was lucky in not having worse strata with which to contend over the twenty-six miles of road that he contracted to build between Croxteth Brook and Irlam o' th' Heights.

Up to 1910 there were only three types of trade route between Liverpool and Manchester, none of which could furnish him with any data. First, there were the Liverpool and Leeds Canal and the Manchester Ship Canal. Secondly, there was the Manchester and Liverpool and the Cheshire Lines Railway. As to the third route, the best road between Manchester and Liverpool went by Warrington, Eccles, and Prescot. This, however, did not possess adequate foundations to take the heavy traffic. To reconstruct it would have involved not only the strengthening of the foundations, but also the acquisition of a vast stretch of densely populated property on either side in order to widen and straighten it.

Nineteen miles of the new road are over the coalfields of Lancashire, many parts of which are active at the moment. There are twenty-four circuses, each with a radius of 120 feet. The average gradient is 1 in 40, descending to as little as 1 in 400 at some points. It traverses anything from a Class I road to a cattle creep, and 250,000 cubic yards of concrete will have been used in the carriageway. Will there be a profit in it for the contractors? The answer is decidedly "Yes." "We can thank our gangers to a very large extent for this," was W. P.'s final comment. "The difference between the 100 per cent. of work which they extract from the men under them and the 90 per cent. which is all they might so easily have extracted makes the difference between our profit and loss. One cannot speak too highly of them."

In another two months W. P. will have finished his job. In two months more the fencing will have been completed. Then for a year, as at present arranged, the road will lie fallow to allow the foundations and the embankments to consolidate. And then, six years after the first blue print saw the light of day, the great new road will be open to the public.

BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 352)*

dark conspirator of Athens, the faun of Capri, the hermit of Herm, or the saviour of Scotland, never reticent, and now rectorial, his prose remains a delight. In a prolix and empty age he has something to say and says it with economy. *Unconsidered Trifles* (Martin Secker. 6s.) is a collection of articles contributed to the journals of the times. They were well worth saving and considering.

How right and bright he is about the Grand Old Men of Literature! I had always hoped to say this about Meredith, but had never found talent or opportunity. "He had a fine head. He had posed all his life. There were lots of people who had tried to read his novels and who, having failed to do so, were convinced that he was a really great writer. Finally, he lived within easy distance of London in typical English scenery. During his Grand Old Manhood nobody ventured to dispute his pre-eminence. Even his enveloping and immense vanity never suffered the slightest scratch."

Mr. A. Corbett-Smith has written a book that runs all over the place, which is to be expected, since the title of it is *Woman: Theme and Variations* (Noel Douglas. 8s. 6d.). Needless to say, it ransacks history and has much to do with prostitution. I do not clearly grasp what it is Mr. Corbett-Smith is trying to prove, unless it be the old theory that men like women attractive, and do not want them intelligent. He examines with knowledge the feminist movement, and the emancipation of the modern woman from taboos. The conclusion of this long and bright enquiry is platitudinous; happiness can be achieved only by mutual understanding, which is not so very singular.

Of my three novels this week I place *Poor Scholars*, by A. P. Rossiter (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), first. We have had so many public-school novels that it is time the universities had a turn. This is Cambridge up-to-date. The search for a heroine has none of the old difficulties, for there are now girl undergraduates. Philip and May, brother and sister, "go up" together, and the dual story moves brightly, if a little too psychologically. *They Winter*, by James Aston (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), is a smart novel about a group of guys, author's guys, in an hotel at Positano. I cannot believe in any one of these people, neither does the author; he uses them as museum specimens, pinning them down with the glee of the collector. *The Invincible Adam*, by G. S. Viereck and P. Eldridge (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.) contains 400 pages of the most arrant nonsense I have ever read. The authors of that erotic nightmare *My First Two Thousand Years* have again attempted to be shocking and dynamic, and merely succeed in becoming libidinous and ludicrous.

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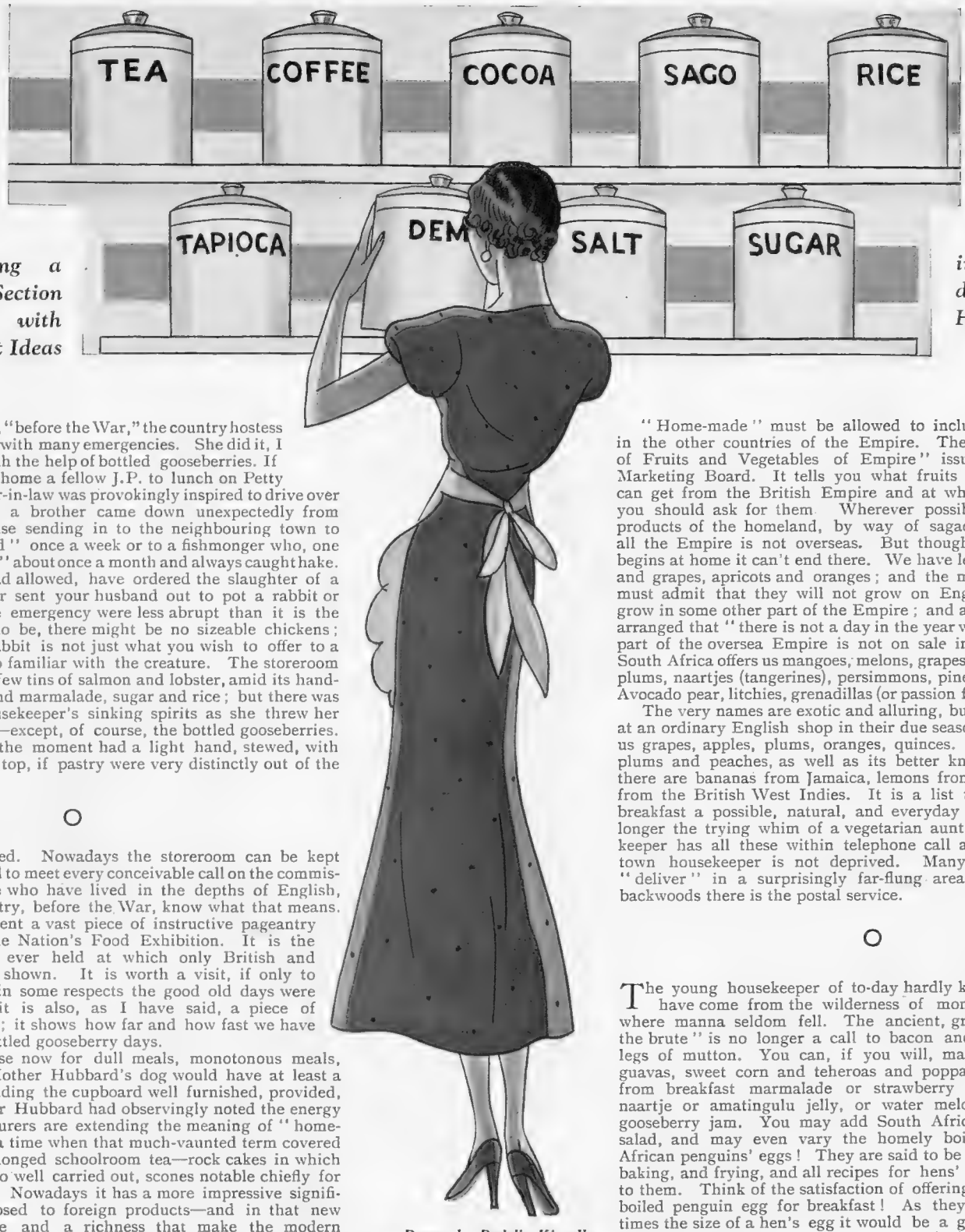
THE NATION'S STORE CUPBOARD

By MARY CROSBIE

Introducing a Special Section Dealing with the Latest Ideas in Food Products both Home and Imperial



Drawn by Bedelia Kinsella

THE DAILY TASK—to "Feed the Brute"

In that remote period, "before the War," the country hostess met and grappled with many emergencies. She did it, I seem to remember, with the help of bottled gooseberries. If her husband brought home a fellow J.P. to lunch on Petty Sessions day, if a sister-in-law was provokingly inspired to drive over with the children, if a brother came down unexpectedly from London, it was no use sending in to the neighbouring town to a butcher who "killed" once a week or to a fishmonger who, one might argue, "caught" about once a month and always caught hake. You might, if time had allowed, have ordered the slaughter of a couple of chickens or sent your husband out to pot a rabbit or two. But even if the emergency were less abrupt than it is the habit of emergencies to be, there might be no sizeable chickens; and the ubiquitous rabbit is not just what you wish to offer to a guest who is only too familiar with the creature. The storeroom probably contained a few tins of salmon and lobster, amid its handsome array of jams and marmalade, sugar and rice; but there was little to cheer the housekeeper's sinking spirits as she threw her eye along the shelves—except, of course, the bottled gooseberries. A pie, if the cook of the moment had a light hand, stewed, with cream or a meringue top, if pastry were very distinctly out of the question. . . .

O

Things have changed. Nowadays the storeroom can be kept charged with food to meet every conceivable call on the commissariat, and only those who have lived in the depths of English, Irish, or Scotch country, before the War, know what that means. There is at the moment a vast piece of instructive pageantry at Olympia called the Nation's Food Exhibition. It is the first food exhibition ever held at which only British and Empire products are shown. It is worth a visit, if only to draw the moral that in some respects the good old days were not so good. But it is also, as I have said, a piece of impressive pageantry; it shows how far and how fast we have travelled since the bottled gooseberry days.

There is no excuse now for dull meals, monotonous meals, or scratch meals. Mother Hubbard's dog would have at least a sporting chance of finding the cupboard well furnished, provided, of course, that Mother Hubbard had observingly noted the energy with which manufacturers are extending the meaning of "home-made." There was a time when that much-vaunted term covered little more than a prolonged schoolroom tea—rock cakes in which the rock idea was too well carried out, scones notable chiefly for sufficiency and soda. Nowadays it has a more impressive significance—home as opposed to foreign products—and in that new sense it has a range and a richness that make the modern storeroom an exciting sort of place.

O

As I remember, the only rival to bottled gooseberries was canned fruit from California. You could buy English bottled fruit, but it was much dearer than American canned—I have never known why—and anyway you were always told that it did not compare with that bottled at home, according to the infallible recipe of somebody's cook or housekeeper or great-aunt. I think I am right in saying that there was no English canned fruit in those days. At any rate I never saw any. That is one of the things we have changed. There are now canning factories in various parts of the country. In any decent grocer's you have your choice of several excellent brands of canned fruit, vegetables, soup, and meat. And incidentally they add greatly to the attractiveness of the shop and the storeroom. There is something encouraging about their coloured wrappers, depicting fresh and luscious fruit—only the merest shade magnified—and painted, as heraldry might put it, "all proper." No hostess whose shelves are stacked with these enticing colour schemes can feel altogether antagonistic to the arriving, or worse, the arrived guest.

O

Vegetables—peas, beans, carrots, asparagus, celery-hearts, spinach, beetroot, the agreeable composition called a macedoine of vegetables—you can have any or all of them on your shelves, ready for instant use. Biscuits, too—there is another matter in which our home manufacturers are showing enterprise. One sees, in all the stores that keep abreast of modern needs, displays of new biscuits. They are mostly of the savoury kind; the post-War palate rather prefers savouries to sweets, I think. Certainly there are many varieties of cheese biscuits that one never saw before the War, as well as delicious tiny biscuits to be served with cocktails. I notice that they are sold in neat, small tins. The old biscuit tin was large enough for a camp oven, and was sometimes so used.

"Home-made" must be allowed to include things produced in the other countries of the Empire. There is a "Calendar of Fruits and Vegetables of Empire" issued by the Empire Marketing Board. It tells you what fruits and vegetables you can get from the British Empire and at what time of the year you should ask for them. Wherever possible it puts first the products of the homeland, by way of sagacious reminder that all the Empire is not overseas. But though Empire marketing begins at home it can't end there. We have learnt to like bananas and grapes, apricots and oranges; and the most insular affection must admit that they will not grow on English soil. But they grow in some other part of the Empire; and at seasons so happily arranged that "there is not a day in the year when fruit from some part of the oversea Empire is not on sale in the home shops." South Africa offers us mangoes, melons, grapes, nectarines, lemons, plums, naartjes (tangerines), persimmons, pineapples, the delicious Avocado pear, litchies, grenadillas (or passion fruit), pomegranates.

The very names are exotic and alluring, but you may buy them at an ordinary English shop in their due season. Australia sends us grapes, apples, plums, oranges, quinces. Canada, too, gives plums and peaches, as well as its better known apples. Then there are bananas from Jamaica, lemons from Cyprus, and limes from the British West Indies. It is a list that makes fruit for breakfast a possible, natural, and everyday occurrence, and no longer the trying whim of a vegetarian aunt. The town housekeeper has all these within telephone call and even the out-of-town housekeeper is not deprived. Many of the big stores "deliver" in a surprisingly far-flung area, and for the very backwoods there is the postal service.

O

The young housekeeper of to-day hardly knows how newly we have come from the wilderness of monotony—a wilderness where manna seldom fell. The ancient, grim advice to "feed the brute" is no longer a call to bacon and eggs, sirloins, and legs of mutton. You can, if you will, make it paw-paws and guavas, sweet corn and teheroas and poppadums. As a change from breakfast marmalade or strawberry jam, you can have naartje or amatingulu jelly, or water melon konfyt, or Cape gooseberry jam. You may add South African crayfish to your salad, and may even vary the homely boiled egg with South African penguins' eggs! They are said to be excellent for boiling, baking, and frying, and all recipes for hens' eggs are applicable to them. Think of the satisfaction of offering your guest a lightly boiled penguin egg for breakfast! As they are two-and-a-half times the size of a hen's egg it would be a good breakfast. But remember to tell the cook that they must be boiled from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

O

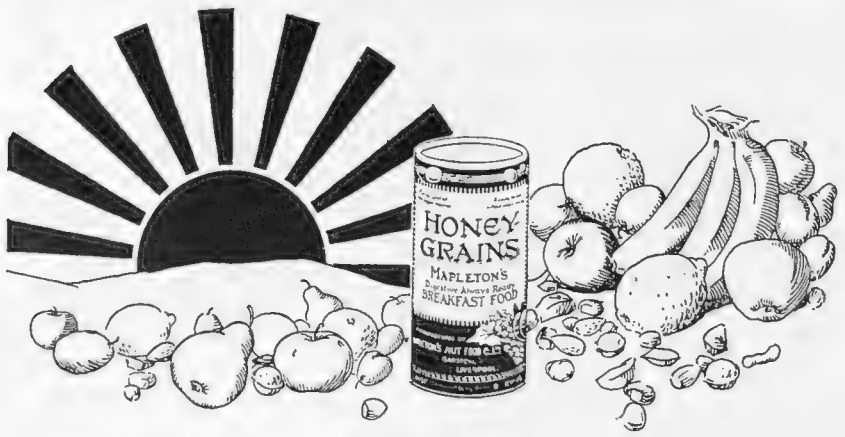
Breakfast cereals from Canada and Australia, cocoa from the West Indies and West Africa, lobster from Newfoundland, fruit drinks from Australia, Africa, and the West Indies, almonds from Cyprus, and muscatels from Australia, honey from New Zealand, Palestine, and Canada—these are a few more things you can add to the modern storeroom, making it a sort of Aladdin's cave of gaiety and brightness; for one of the virtues of the new trade methods is that everything is attractively presented. Macaroni too—I would once have connected it as closely as hurdy-gurdies with Italy—but now it comes from Canada—and so does vermicelli. Olive oil—from Lucca, wasn't it? You can get it from Australia now. Vinegar—I thought it came from Spain, but they make it in the Irish Free State. Butter—I have learnt that butter, which we carelessly suppose to be English, is sometimes largely the product of Polish, Danish, or Czechoslovakian cows, and that they are stall-fed. In New Zealand the cows feed out of doors all the year round, I understand, on rich fresh pasture—so those who know about vitamins may reckon up the advantages of having Dominion butter.

O

But indeed there is little you can call for across two oceans that the countries of the Empire can't supply. "Are you going to buy tin-tacks, scissors, a tractor, or a motor-car?" asks one of the leaflets of the Empire Marketing Board. "Do you want a blanket, china or glass, a yard of linen, stockings, or a felt hat?" The query is as far flung as the Empire. The domestic storeroom is not likely to be called upon for a tractor or a felt hat, but the offer has an Imperial comprehensiveness.

HONEY-GRAINS

THE FRUIT & NUT BREAKFAST FOOD



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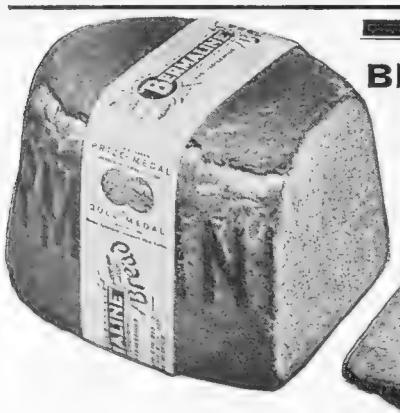

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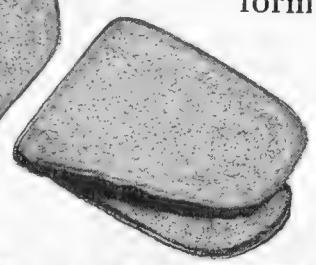

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THE BREAKFAST

Some Modern Solutions of

By WINIFRED

THE COUNTRY HOUSE BREAKFAST, even though varied, tends to be repetitive

The British breakfast has for many generations past been one of those targets for the slings and arrows of criticism whether from the true-born Briton himself or from the superior foreigner. But in spite of all, there is much to be said for a brightly served English breakfast, especially in the country. Provided one has the appetite, there is a distinct thrill in lifting the covers in that pleasant row on the side table. You are a little late, but still the first down. Everything is sizzling hot, the little blue spirit lamps have seen to that. You raise the covers; porridge, kippers, scrambled egg and bacon, and small sausages—they smell extraordinarily good. You say to yourself there is something to be said for the British breakfast. The trouble is that on the next morning the covers reveal exactly the same dishes with possibly a change to haddock.

✣ ✣

Here, then, is where an attractive field for experiment reveals itself, particularly for the woman who is looking for ways in which to introduce variety in her housekeeping whilst conforming to the principle of Empire foodstuffs in her menus. Moreover, early summer is a specially good time for experiment while cool dishes are the order of the day, and there are so many opportunities for attractive service out of doors. What better antidote is there, after all, to early morning gloom than a really imaginative breakfast served in the cool of outdoors.

✣ ✣

My recollections, in fact, of a perfect week-end spent at a country house are largely due to the fact that our hostess, whose early morning manner was, in any case, exemplary, had perfected the ceremony of breakfast, which she served to us under the trees. Sitting at a long, trestle table—which, by the way, was painted a gay green and immaculate with primrose yellow china—she beguiled us with cool foods and delicious drinks. I still remember the pleasure of a cereal with fresh fruit and cream from a wooden bowl, and a tankard of sweet, new milk. Brown bread and butter and honey followed, I remember, and some talk about butter. We were surprised that the butter we were eating was New Zealand produce and not a local product as we had imagined, but as my hostess explained butter was something of an extravagance in her household, and she found it more economical and in every way satisfactory.

A BREAKFAST SET IN YELLOW AND GREEN manner from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths for a home and

✣ ✣

I have since experimented with breakfast menus and found it a stimulating affair and quite full of possibilities in the matter of variety. Here, for instance, is a breakfast menu for a summer day that might be served out of doors and which is, moreover, "Empire" to the last crumb.

✣ ✣

STYLE MODERNE: The pale plates with their condiment compartment contrast with the dark-hued and stubby egg-cups and make an attractive ensemble

TABLE:

its Problems

LEWIS

A BRIGHT BREAKFAST-ROOM TABLE: Sunlight streaming in on the table enhances the appeal of the meal to the palate

A new breakfast food — recently launched by Mapletons of Liverpool — is a complete change from the more familiar cereals and is as easy to serve and nourishing. Honey - Grains which should begin the meal, are composed of fruit and nuts and can be served with milk or, for preference, with fresh fruit and cream. A dish of Honey-Grains with stewed plums, raspberries or even sliced banana and cream are light and nourishing as a preliminary.

from Lawleys, silver and cutlery in the modern Company, combine to form a charming setting Empire breakfast

Follow this with a savoury and, for out doors, preferably one that is quickly prepared and free from greasy properties. "Savormix" is a preparation from the same source as the Honey-Grains, and is described as a nutmeat powder. It can be made into delicious rissoles for breakfast as well as other savoury dishes. The rissoles are made by mixing a small quantity of "Savormix" with enough water to form the mixture into rissoles, which are then rolled in the dressing supplied and fried in deep fat. What could be simpler than that?

BREAKFAST FOR ONE has its own problems but is more attractively solved by a small individual table than by laying one place at a large one

The ideal breakfast will be completed with brown bread, New Zealand butter and honey, orange or grape-fruit marmalade. Exactly how much the flavour of preserves is improved by brown bread is very little appreciated, quite apart from its superior nutritive properties. "Bermaline" bread is unusually rich in flavour and has, too, the advantages of being more digestible than white bread, and keeps moist considerably longer, which is an important factor in summer. As to what one should drink with breakfast, I hesitate to shatter any more traditions. In any case I doubt if the British loyalty to tea and coffee can be supplanted. At the same time there are such variations as iced tea and coffee—both refreshing and delicious drinks in summer and unfamiliar at the English table.

To make iced tea it is essential that the very best brand of leaf should be used (United Kingdom Tea is a worthy suggestion). For each person, half fill a glass with crushed ice and on top place a slice of lemon. Make the tea in the ordinary way and while freshly made fill each glass and add sugar, or not, to taste. Oddly enough, the success of the whole thing depends upon the tea being hot when poured on to the ice.

Iced coffee is even more simple to make. A strong brew should be prepared in the ordinary way and set to cool. Afterwards shake in a covered pitcher with some finely chipped ice and serve in individual glasses with cream.

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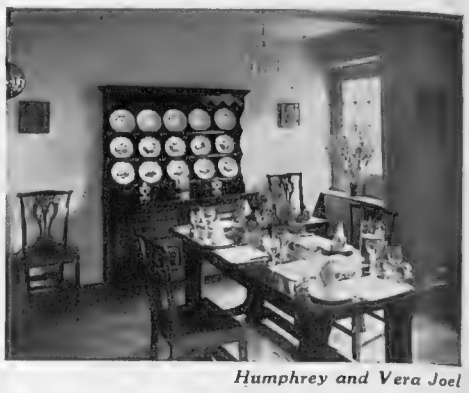
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS

THE LUNCHEON TABLE

It is difficult to define the special appeal of a summer luncheon party. Perhaps the attractiveness of cold dishes and the particularly appetizing manner in which they can be served is partly responsible. It is certainly true that the cool colouring of glass dishes and the immaculacy of the crisp, coloured linens we affect at the luncheon table are in themselves factors of great charm.

So far as the menu itself is concerned, it is not surprising if plans for a summer luncheon of Empire foods seem restricted, though actually some experimenting soon proves this impression to be false.

Here are just a few suggestions for a luncheon out of doors which have the virtue of being "Empire" in every respect, and particularly easy to prepare. One jibs at the thought of elaborate cooking during warm days if one is responsible for culinary arrangements, as, unfortunately, are so many of us just now.



Humphrey and Vera Joel

A BRIGHTLY SET LUNCHEON TABLE will enhance any effort made by cook, hostess —or guests

Beginning with iced consommé, the perfect preliminary to the summer meal, choose the simplest method of all, which is this:

Into a pan of good stock put 1 lb. of raw minced beef and some chopped onion, carrot, turnip, and celery. Stir well and then leave to simmer until the vegetables are soft, when the soup should be carefully strained into a basin. Iced soup should be clear. Put the soup bowl into the refrigerator until served, or alternatively stand the basin in a larger receptacle and fill the intervening space with crushed ice. Cover and keep in the shade.

Millar and Harris

LUNCHEON FOR FOUR: A new design of white china with graduated blue and green rims; blue glasses and jug of the modish design from Lawleys; and modern cutlery from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, form an attractive combination

Serve ice consommé in individual glasses with "Gluten" biscuits, which are prepared from the formula of an eminent dietetic authority, are less fattening than bread, and perfectly delicious into the bargain. Their flavouring is a particularly good accompaniment to soup, and in fact spread with New Zealand butter, they are an excellent completion of each course.

Afterwards, cold lamb cutlets in aspic are delicious. Bottled aspic jelly simplifies the preparation of this course for which one has only to place the cooked lamb cutlets in a dish, cover with aspic jelly mixed with a little chopped mint, and garnish with tomato and green peas.

Fruit jelly for dessert is made by putting some cooked or tinned fruit into the bottom of a mould with a little dissolved jelly mixture. Leave till partly set, and repeat the process until the mould is full.

To complete a delicate meal, serve Vita Wheat Crispbreads lightly sprinkled with grated cheese and celery, together with coffee or coffee punch.

Much of the confusion which exists in this country about the preparation of fragrant coffee is mere nonsense. The Englishwoman who has troubled to study the simple rules, among which the most significant is the quality of the coffee she buys, is as competent as anyone else in the world to make it.

For a perfect hot beverage use a tablespoonful of the best coffee to each person. (No better coffee is obtainable than Red, White and Blue, a tested British brand.) Place the coffee into a heated pot and leave to stand for a few moments before adding boiling water and a pinch of salt. Stand aside for twenty minutes, then strain and reheat before serving.

Coffee punch is made by simply adding to black coffee a mixture of one beaten egg yolk with two tablespoonfuls of brandy, a little sugar, and some chipped ice. The punch should be served in tall glasses.

Fruit cocktails are an excellent preliminary, and need as much art in the blending as those of a more potent character.

A lemon cocktail is one of the simplest to make and perhaps the most refreshing at a summer luncheon. The method is to mix the juice of a dozen lemons with sugar enough to sweeten, and add about a teaspoonful of bitters. Afterwards a little ice and a good deal of shaking. Orange juice and bitters are another excellent combination.

Most fresh fruit cocktails are made by pressing the pounded fruit through a fine sieve, and mixing the juice with that of an orange or a lemon and adding a small quantity of brandy if that is preferred. Ice is then added and the whole well shaken.

Humphrey and Vera Joel

TÊTE-À-TÊTE: A charmingly set luncheon table for a simple meal *à deux*

THE DINNER TABLE

More than ever the tendency to follow the lines of the prevailing fashion mood is apparent in the decoration of the dinner table. Frills and furbelows have of late been reflected in the infinite delicacy of our table appointments no less than in the movement to reinstate discarded treasures of silver and glass. At the dinner hour lustres scintillate anew against the delicate tracery of sheer lace and linen, while even the flowers reflect the demure elegance of madame's gown and cunningly enhance its colouring.

Humphrey Joel

A MIXTURE OF STYLES: A Jacobean table and Italian fifteenth century chairs render this an attractive setting

Thus, the very latest phase, the cotton evening gown, has its reflection in the inspiration of a young hostess who surprised her guests at a very recent dinner party with table mats of the same fabric as her cotton gown. In a modern dining-room the table itself struck a note of vigorous contrast with mellow candlelight playing from green and crystal lustre candlesticks upon the satin polish of the green table top. Slender glass of smoked amber colouring and rare old silver sustained the spirit of luxury which so oddly contrasted with gingham table mats and a flower scheme of yellow kingcups and simple meadowsweet.

The food was as simple and as thoughtfully chosen as the setting and entirely British, this young hostess being a person of avowed principles in her housekeeping affairs.

It is, in fact, one of the most agreeable characteristics of the young married set, that their determined loyalty is so unrelaxing in this respect when, as everyone realizes, it is such an easy matter to disregard the patriotic urge in the very natural anxiety to assume the mantle of resourceful hostess. Not that the need for featuring only Empire foods upon the bill of fare need be regarded as a hopeless obstacle to variety any more than the present inclination to suspend more lavish forms of entertainment until better times is a serious handicap to enjoyment. Simple parties, simple gowns, and simple foods are the order of to-day, and no less amusing for that.

Outdoor dinner parties, one hears, are to be a feature of this summer of informality. That is to say, outdoor in as far as our erratic climate will permit. Here, indeed, is an opportunity for ingenious variety in the matter of appropriate settings as well as of appropriate food.

In the United States, where the roof garden and veranda party is more familiar, steel furniture is favoured as elegant and suitable from every aspect for outdoor use. Tables of painted wood and steel are accompanied by small steel and leather chairs, or, again, one can fall back upon the use of the folding chairs so much used at bridge parties. In either case difficulties of transport are admirably solved by the lightness of this furniture as compared with other kinds.

Electric candle lighting for the table is a matter of very simple adjustment for the expert, while illumination can be supplemented and the general scheme of decoration enhanced by hanging lanterns. If coloured paper ones are used it is generally found that their colouring is improved by painting with a solution of gum and water, while it is always as well to weight them with sand to prevent too much swinging.

And now a suggested menu, one particularly suited to the outdoor dinner party, but equally adaptable elsewhere:

Iced cantaloup
Mousse of foie gras
Roast duckling
Green peas Orange and lettuce salad
Strawberry salad
VITA WHEAT biscuits
New Zealand butter and cheese
Coffee

Strawberry salad is improved by adding about one dessertspoonful of vinegar to the picked and sweetened berries, while if the prepared dish can be left in the refrigerator until a few moments before serving the flavour is vastly improved.

Humphrey Joel

MODERN FORMALITY: An attractive *mise en scène* in a London flat for the evening meal

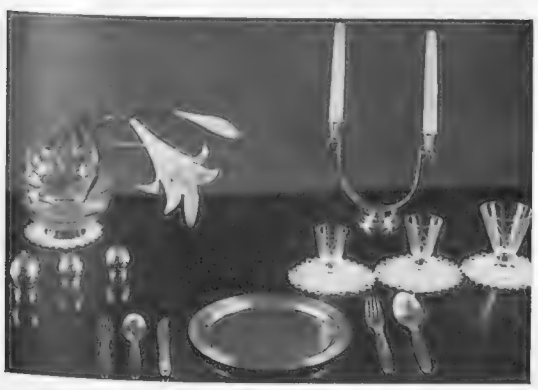
An excellent iced fruit salad to take the place of strawberries is this:

Mix one tablespoonful of lemon juice and the juice of two oranges with three sliced bananas and one cup of tinned pineapple. Whip a cup of cream to a froth and mix with the fruit. Thoroughly chill the mixture in the refrigerator until stiff and serve in individual glasses garnished with sliced almonds.

And here is an alternative menu:

Grape fruit
Iced bouillon
Sole Véronique
Roast chicken
Bread sauce Lettuce salad
Fresh fruit
Coffee

At a summer dinner party the sweet course can be safely omitted in favour of fresh fruit and coffee, that is if perfect fruit and coffee are available.



IRISH LINEN graces this polished table, while the glasses are of white crystal finely cut with a touch of black. The silver is by Georg Jensen, the plate having been designed by Prince Sigwart of Sweden

A helping of juicy fresh or stewed fruit with Shredded Wheat provides the ideal summer meal. It contains abundant nourishment, for Shredded Wheat is the ***whole*** of the wheat and is sustaining as well as refreshing. Have Shredded Wheat this delightful way often. There could be no more healthful, enjoyable dish for breakfast, lunch or supper.

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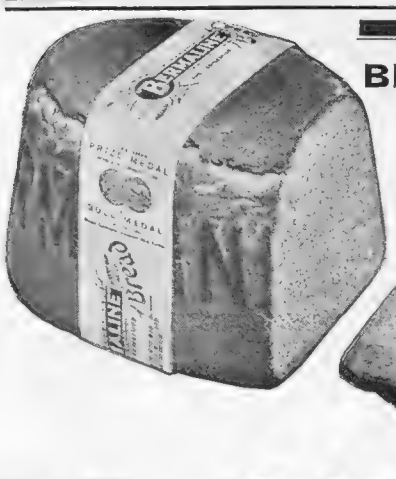

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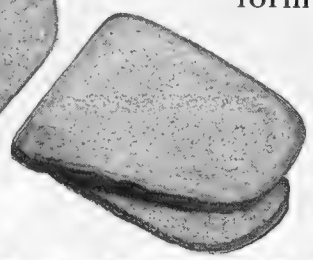
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SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE
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DELICIOUS SANDWICHES
all grocers sell Trident

Charles E. Brown
THE AERIAL PICNIC is one of the latest of all social meals, for which light equipment is carried on the 'plane

The PICNIC PARTY in 1932

There appears to be a general impression that the success of a picnic depends solely upon the kindness of the weather, though if ever injustice were done to a delightful function it is this.

It may be just the fanaticism of a mere gourmet, but I have the impression that one of the best picnics I have experienced took place in the face of strong symptoms of disapproval from the weather office. Even a most dastardly attempt to wreck the proceedings failed to mar the deliciousness of hot bouillon, cold rabbit pie, admirably assisted with champagne and completed with fresh fruit; the whole being served in conditions of utmost comfort which, after all, is the true secret of the successful picnic.

As I say, it is a pity to stake all one's hopes of enjoyment on a sunny day and a mere ham sandwich; either is so apt to fall short of expectation. A picnic should be just as carefully anticipated as a dinner party and the accessories for its service as meticulously chosen.

Most modern picnic baskets are elaborately equipped with all necessary utensils for an outdoor meal and there is, too, an almost bewildering variety to choose from in the way of unbreakable ware for these occasions all of which compare favourably with china.

Quite apart from these, the many useful papier mâché utensils that one can buy so inexpensively thoroughly discredit any excuse for rough and tumble service out of doors. Plates in charming imitation of Willow Pattern are among these things and cost a mere sixpence for half a dozen; papier mâché dishes for sandwiches, fluted dishes for salads and attractive little cartons for fruit and cream dispense with the necessity for carrying greasy dishes on the homeward trek; while paper tablecloths and napkins are so excellent in imitating the design and colouring of linen that it is almost impossible to detect the difference at closest quarters.

Charles E. Brown
THE CLIFF-SIDE PICNIC: An ideal spot for the alfresco meal, sheltered from the breeze by a wind-break of bushes

In this climate the most resourceful hostess makes some provision in her picnic arrangements for the almost inevitable break in the weather. Hot soup can be carried in thermos flasks and for greater facility should be poured into cups of unbreakable ware, and of course should be of the clear variety. A game pie is substantial and delicious cold, while game sandwiches for which the meat should be finely chopped with mushrooms or hard boiled eggs are succulent enough to dispel the gloom of any rainstorm.

For an ideal picnic day of sunshine and warm breezes a shrimp salad is good fun. Salad for each person should be prepared in individual papier mâché dishes lined with fresh green lettuce. Cook enough rice for the number of people to be served; drain and set to dry. Mix the cold rice with a quarter of a pint of prepared shrimps and moisten with a little vinegar. A garnish of watercress and crescents of tomato will complete a most appetizing dish.

When preparing sandwiches in advance, even though they are packed in the most excellent of picnic boxes, wrap them in large fresh cabbage leaves and they will remain perfectly moist for many hours. Cold drinks carried in thermos flasks, of which there are a great variety of shapes and sizes now, should include some crushed ice which will ensure a really refreshing drink after many hours.

Really elaborate plans for a motoring picnic are sure to include one of the new folding table and chair sets. This rather amazing device includes a small table which stands firmly upon steel legs when unfolded and includes several small chairs. The whole set folds into what appears to be a suit-case of fairly average size and can be stowed away in the luggage carrier with perfect ease.

Among the many other ingenious picnic outfits that are available, perhaps the most complete is a collapsible table which also includes two small seats as well as utensils for an outdoor meal. When unfolded a compartment in the top of the table reveals a sandwich box in chromium plate, a thermos flask, cups, plates, and all the indispensable paraphernalia of the meal itself.

Like the other picnic table I have described, this astonishing piece of mechanism resembles, when folded, an average size suit-case, but has the even greater advantage that food and furniture can be packed together, as it were, thus reducing the accommodation required. All of which seems to extend the possibilities of a picnic to a veritable banquet out of doors.

THE COCKTAIL CORNER: A cosy little arrangement of chairs and table, suggestive of the pre-prandial "short one" and chat

The COCKTAIL PARTY in 1932

The cocktail party continues in unabated popularity in spite of rumours of its falling from favour. It is not likely that so useful an institution, one so adapted to modern life, will rapidly pass out of favour. From the hostess's point of view it is a function of the highest usefulness. She can get together busy men and women in a pleasant informal manner, in a way not possible at any other time of the day. Six o'clock, or six-thirty, is an hour which does not frighten the busy worker of to-day. He, or she, can generally manage to fit in a visit, the length of which can be regulated to each visitor's particular needs. One can dash in for a few minutes or dally till the last final departures. There is a tendency to think that this form of party, and more especially the habit of drinking cocktails, is ultra-modern. Cocktail drinking itself, of course, originated on the other side of the Atlantic, where the habit is at least a hundred years old. The custom of cocktail drinking did not spread with any rapidity in this country until the latter years of the War, and the post-War period saw the cocktail party firmly established as a popular function. Over-popularity of the cocktail itself possibly led to the innovation of the sherry party, but this change has merely led to an amalgamation: one invites one's friends to a combined cocktail and sherry party.

The problems before a hostess who is contemplating giving a cocktail party are numerous. There is the number of invitations to be settled and the gauging of the number of the possible acceptances to be determined. There is a fairly well-established percentage of acceptances which will give the hostess a fair idea of the number of cocktails which she will be called upon to prepare. If the party is being given for some particular purpose, it is possible to introduce two or three specialized cocktails, either of the more exclusive order or some specially devised and christened for the occasion. If one is not very expert on the problem and practice of mixing cocktails, it is best here to call in professional advice. This specialized help is obtainable from several well-known caterers.

The most popular cocktail at the present time is the Dry Martini, and this is made from Martini Rossi vermouth, Gordon's dry gin, and orange bitters. There is also a medium Martini in which both French and Italian vermouth appear with gin. The Bronx, too, is very popular, possibly because of the present-day craze for consuming orange juice. This cocktail has the usual French and Italian vermouth, dry gin, and the natural juice of an orange. Next possibly comes the Side Car, which is composed of equal portions of Cointreau, cognac brandy and fresh lemon juice. The Side Car has been very popular and has a very large following on this side of the Channel also, although the lemon constituent does not suit every taste.

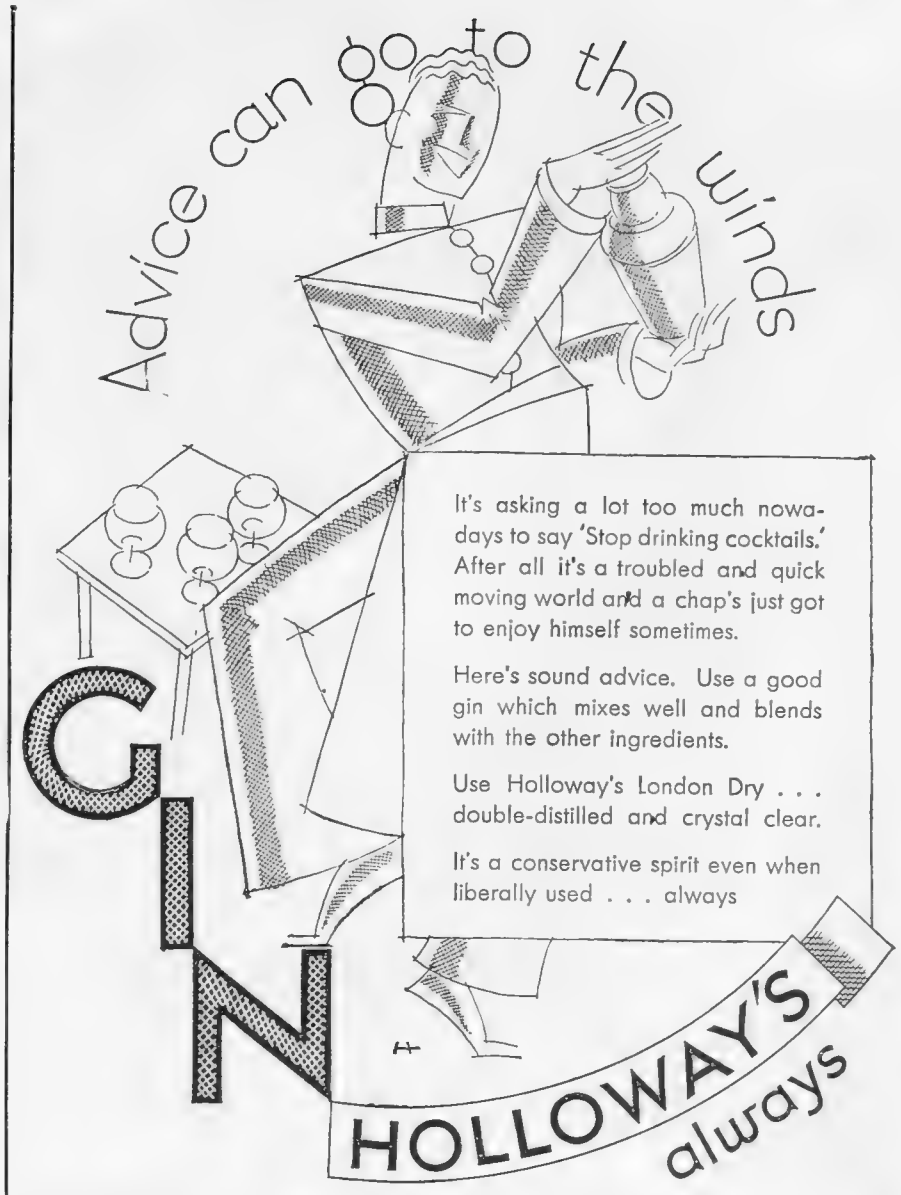
The Manhattan cocktail recalls the genuine transatlantic variety, for it consists of two or three dashes of gum syrup or Curaçoa with Angostura bitters added to the larger constituents of rye whisky and Italian vermouth.

Talking of cocktails, nothing can be better for this purpose than "Baby" or quarter-bottles of Bollinger "Special Cuvée," which have recently been introduced by this well-known firm. They have the merit of freshness which is not always present when a cocktail is prepared from a previously opened quart bottle. At the Dorchester, Grosvenor House, May Fair, and one or two other notable establishments, as well as at private cocktail parties, quarter-bottles of Bollinger "Special Cuvée" are distinctly the vogue.

A pleasant side of the preparation of the cocktail party is the marshalling of one's attractive glass, which can be obtained in all shades of colour. For the hostess there is the additional task of providing a variety of trifles to eat. From cheese biscuits and fingers one can pass through a range of small sandwiches, stuffed olives, salted almonds, to caviare and the sizzling sausage.

A SMALL PORTABLE COCKTAIL SET in *style moderne*, the end portion of which is hinged and folds over into a chest

The successful hostess mixes her guests just as adroitly as she mixes her cocktails, and if this has been well and truly done a surging murmur of conversation will greet the guest as she or he enters the room. The latest variety of cocktail party is one which does not cease, say, at 7.30, but continues unabated for several hours; if one can provide a small band and a dance floor your guests will not evince any desire to go home.



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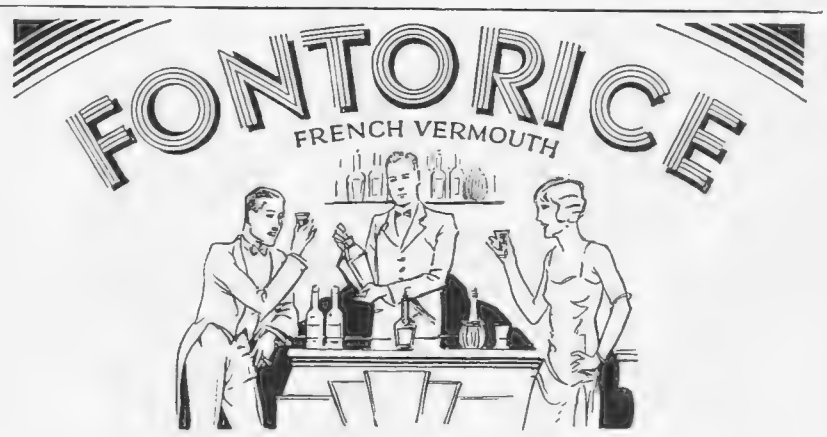

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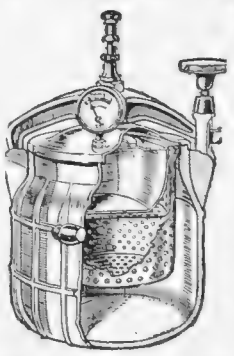

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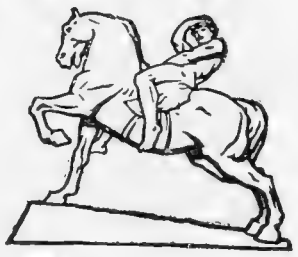

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THE THREE B'S: Beef, beer, and bread are the traditional staples of the English diet, but they need careful watching from sedentary men

The HEALTH SIDE of DIET

By Dr. Harold Dearden

We English have been, from time immemorial, a nation of meat eaters, and it is easy to see how this has come about. Enjoying as we do a climate remarkable at any rate for its variety, and being by nature lovers of exercise and an outdoor life in general, we unconsciously came to prefer such foods as should best meet these special circumstances. What we wanted was a food rich in energy and body-building substances, and at the same time one which, as a source of heat, would enable us to cope with exposure. Undoubtedly meat fulfils all these requirements, and washed down with beer or some other form of alcohol it came almost inevitably to be our national diet. Unhappily, however, while meat is admirable in some respects as an article of diet, it has certain disadvantages which cannot with safety be disregarded.

Meat and alcohol are the two outstanding articles which tend most markedly to raise the blood pressure and harden the arteries, a fact of extreme importance to us to-day in view of the many unavoidable factors in modern life which are likely to produce the same effect. The nervous strain under which most of us live, and the sedentary nature of our occupations, act in the manner of a vicious circle. An ample supply of energy is essential if we are to carry on with the effort to survive, but lack of exercise makes it very difficult for us to ensure the proper elimination of the waste products of such a diet. And it is these waste products which do the harm. Not only do they harden our arteries, but they produce that bugbear of the present day, obesity.

Now meat is by no means essential to a properly nutritious diet; nor, if one must be shamefully honest, is alcohol. Fluid of some sort is definitely essential, since most of our waste products are eliminated from the body in solution. Hence the wild folly of restricting fluid when endeavouring to achieve slimness. It is fair to say that the average woman spends at least nine-tenths of her time over the two problems of her figure and her complexion, and in view of that fact it is pathetic to witness the degree of muddle-headedness with which she commonly approaches her task. She is too apt to overlook the fundamentals of a good complexion, and as regards her figure, she is satisfied with the results of plain starvation.

Now the first thing to realize is that the foundation of a good complexion is a good digestion and an intestinal canal which is in a reasonable and not too monstrously overloaded condition. Admittedly, these blessings are not vouchsafed to all of us, but much may be done by a certain amount of intelligence in the regulation of the diet, particularly in the avoidance of starchy and greasy foods, and the consumption of a greater proportion of fresh fruits and salads.

Especially is it of importance to drink plenty of water if the skin is not to show signs of strain in the form of spots and blemishes. These spots are due almost always to the concentrated solution of waste products which the skin is compelled to excrete.

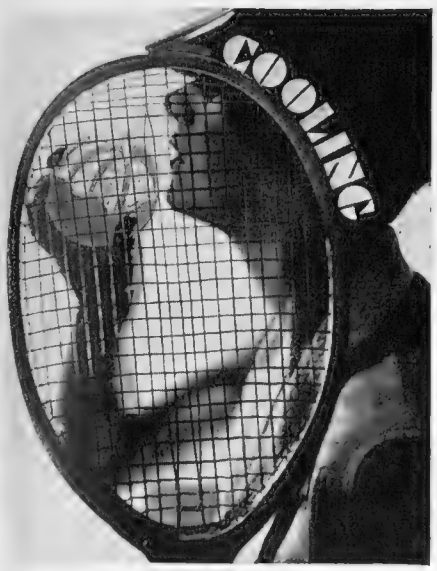
The copious drinking of water is essential to good health, and where a tendency to obesity or rheumatism exists this habit is of all the more importance. For such special cases the choice of some natural spring water having definite medicinal properties is clearly of advantage, and of these Cambrunnen is an excellent example of an active uric acid solvent. But in addition to meat there is yet another component of the average diet which is commonly a source of trouble.

Bread is an admirable article of food, but it has one serious disadvantage: it contains a very large proportion of starch. To those who lead a strenuous outdoor life this fact is of minor importance, but to the sedentary town dweller it is a very different matter indeed. For him starch spells indigestion, obesity, and the whole train of horrors which follow in the wake of that dreadful pair, and should he be a victim of diabetes his case becomes even more desperate.

But of all foods to banish from the diet, bread is certainly the most difficult. Habit has made it almost an essential, and to be denied bread is for most people an unbearable affliction. This problem, however, has been very ingeniously met by the production of certain breads such as Energen, from which, by subtle processes during their manufacture, almost all the starch has been insidiously removed. By this means the proportion of good to evil in a given weight of the bread is definitely increased, since its nutritive value and digestibility are alike improved by such treatment.

A light diet, with little meat and a proper supervision of fluid and starch in the manner described, should be enough, with reasonable exercise, to enable any but the aged or infirm to avoid these pitfalls of civilization. And when the burden of the years has taken its toll, there is still no reason to despair. What you cannot do others can do for you, in the shape of some solace such as Benger's Food, where you need to do nothing but absorb it. Such foods, easily digestible, and containing all the ingredients of a complete diet, will support you in the matter of energy though your stomach be a broken reed.

ENERGEN BREAD—the hygienic packing methods of which are here seen—is a wholesome substitute for the starchy tendencies of ordinary bread



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* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WHY NOT RUBBER WINGS? — Since the very earliest motoring days rubber has been used on the tyres of cars and as insulation on high tension leads. Of recent years we have seen its use extended to upholstery, but it seems to me that rubber manufacturers are not so go ahead as might be expected. In my humble opinion the whole body of the motor car of the future will be made of a rubber composition. Even now I cannot understand why we are not given rubber wings. They surely could be made stiff enough to keep their shape even with high wind pressure, and if they were coloured right through they could be knocked about as most wings are to-day, if any traffic driving is undertaken, and the dents would immediately spring back so that the original shape was maintained. I used to sigh for armour-plated wings so that people who bumped against them on my car would be the sufferers, and not myself, but I think that a set of rubber wings would be even better, for after all no one should wish to cause damage to a fellow-motorist, even if he is in the wrong. I strongly commend this suggestion to our well-known rubber manufacturers, and if they see their way to produce what I advise they might go even farther and let us have a complete motor body which can be dented with impunity.

THE GORDON SCREEN-SPRAY.—Some time ago, in fact on many occasions, I have referred in these notes to the inadequacy of the average windscreen wiper. My chief complaint is that when it is not raining, but the roads are wet, mud gets thrown up on the windscreen and eventually the driver's vision is obscured. Any ordinary windscreen wiper working in such circumstances only makes matters worse. I was on the look-out for a wiper which would help on such days, and I hoped that before long one of our well-known manufacturers would give us a wiper which would moisten the screen as it moved backwards and forwards.

When I referred to these matters before, little did I know that there was already in existence an accessory called "the Gordon Screen-spray," made by Prince and Downing, Ltd., of Darlington. One of these screen-sprays has been sent to me for inspection and fitting. At the moment I have not had time to fix it to my car, but so far as I can see it should overcome the difficulty to which I have alluded. It consists of a water bottle sitting in a metal container which in turn is screwed to the dash underneath the bonnet. From this bottle, which contains water, is a rubber tube leading to a rubber bulb which to all intents and purposes is a double-acting pump. More rubber tubing leads up to a small length of metal piping of small diameter and this piping is fixed in a horizontal position on the windscreen just above the pivoting point of the wiper itself.

This metal piping is closed at one end, and along its length are a series of small holes through which the water can drip. The whole outfit is simple in the extreme and under the absolute control of the driver. If water is not wanted on the windscreen when rain is falling, none need be directed on to the glass. In addition this screen-spray can be used to assist in wiping away snow, and by filling the bottle container with an anti-freezing mixture no trouble from frost can occur. I am very pleased to be able to give publicity to this fitting as I consider it is one of the most useful that could be produced. Nothing is more annoying than trying to drive a car with one's vision badly obscured, and as I did not know of the existence of this screen-spray until a week or so ago I felt that the great majority of motorists were also ignorant of its existence. It costs well under £1.

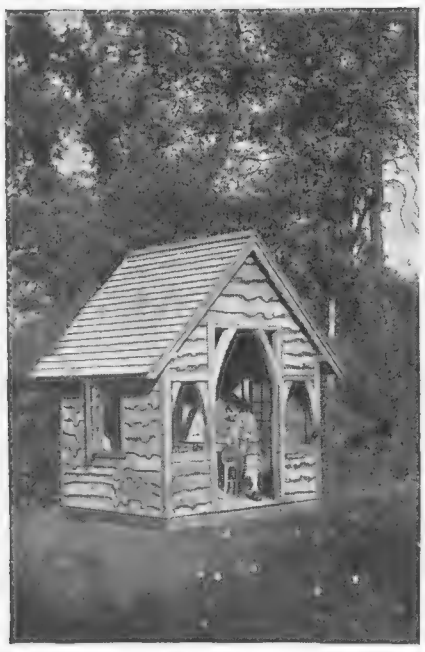
THE TRIUMPH OF MACHINERY: A Morris-Cowley beside the famous "Zam Zammah" gun at Lahore, India. "Zam Zammah" (the Terror of the Punjab) was at one time the largest gun in India, and was so feared that whoever possessed it was regarded as the ruler of the Punjab

REDUCING ACCIDENTS.—If one were to judge by some of the speeches that have recently been delivered in the House of Lords it might be thought that every individual sitting behind the steering wheel of a motor car was an unhanged murderer. Sometimes the Upper House has deserved a reputation for sane thinking, but during the debate in question I am afraid that some extraordinary prejudices were let loose. Just when everyone had thought that the old antagonism to motoring, just because it was something new, had died down, up it jumps again just where it is least expected. If the opinion of some of our noble Lords is that we motorists start out in the morning with the object of slaying as many people as we can, all I can say is that this opinion is not shared by the great body of pedestrians and cyclists who are usually looked upon as the easiest victims for such slaughter.

Indeed it always surprises me that the walkers and the cyclists place such implicit faith in the ability of the motorist to avoid them. Along any narrow road when I desire to overtake an individual, cycling or walking, he or she usually takes very little notice of the sound of the hooter, and evidently trusts me almost to put myself into the hedge in order to get by without a collision. If we all were out to murder our weaker brethren on the road I scarcely think that so much faith would be placed in the ability of the motor driver to avoid trouble. If the noble Lords want to know why there are such an appalling number of accidents I shall have much pleasure in telling them.

Firstly, that the only class of road user who knows anything at all about the rules, regulations, manners, and courtesies of the road is the motorist. As soon as pedestrians, cyclists, car drivers, etc., are acquainted with and act upon all these rules and regulations, etc., then we shall see the accident figures come down.

Secondly, when our Mobile Police are good enough motorists themselves to know a motor road hog when they see one, and are thus able to stamp out the breed, the figures will be still further reduced.



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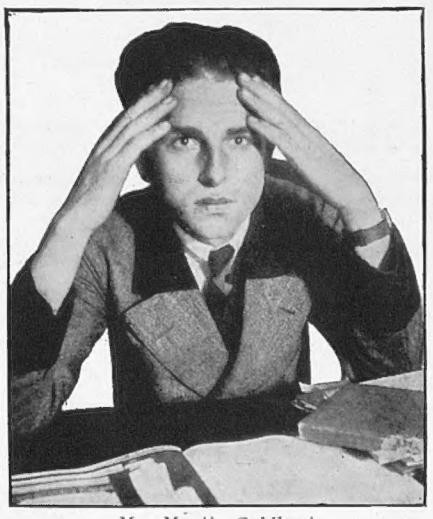

Mr. Martin Goldhart.

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Voghis and explains a unique system for the Development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles' System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method."

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

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THE GARDEN

When May and June Meet

" In the orchard is a place
Where we may lie and feel the fall
Of apple petals on our face,
And drowsing hear the cuckoo's call."
H. C. BEECHING.

When we are inclined, in this particularly trying Spring, to abuse our English climate, it is well to remember that the ills from which we are suffering bring with them certain compensations. It is only in English gardens that we get a procession of colour and bloom, and this is undoubtedly due in great part to the checking of some plants by an inclement Spring.

Weeds in the flower bed have grown apace in this last fortnight, and the hoe has been hard at work. Indeed the coming month is always the most prolific time for weeds. Grass quickly covers the garden paths. It is always a problem how to deal with it. By far the most effective weed-killer is arsenical. It should be applied when the soil is moist, with a prospect of sunshine. But unfortunately it is a deadly poison, and must not be used on paths to which chicken or domestic pets have access. There are some non-poisonous weed-killers on the market. Salt is sometimes used, but it has only a momentary effect, and is liable to act rather as a manure than a deterrent when it gets into the ground. I have discovered one very simple device, and that is to apply petrol from a watering can. It probably works out as cheaply as any other form of weed-killer, and is always at hand in these days.

Many more flowers are out in the flower beds; limnathes Douglasii, the "buttered eggs" of our childhood, very fine and fully out; lily of the valley, for the happy people who have the right spot for it; many more of the irises, monkshood (which is a weed but for which one is grateful when its blue shows up by the still blooming doronicums), peonies, and the Oriental poppies. The late tulips are still in bloom. A particularly fine combination of colour this year has been a carpet of the aubretia, Dr. Mules, with the lovely double pink tulip, Murillo. Gaps in the border may be filled up with any seedlings now—salpiglossis, pentstemon, salvia patens, tobacco plants, and so on, since the risk of night frost should be over. Stake carefully all the growing herbaceous things, and give support to sweet peas if this has not been done.

Roses require careful attention now if rich blooms are to be seen. The surface round the roots should be kept loose with the hoe, and any suckers cut away. Food feeding too is essential for them. A good liquid manure or fertilizer may be regularly applied. Soot is good also, and feeding the plants now will be rewarded in full measure later on. Green fly must be watched for, and treated with a spray of soapy water or nicotine or other insecticide. Some roses, notably the crimson rambler, suffer much from mildew. The remedy is dusting the flowers with sulphur. Those who wish to show large blooms will disbud their roses, but many people prefer many blooms, even if smaller ones, to a few large flower-show specimens.

Mary Headlam

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The eighty-ninth annual meeting of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W., on Thursday afternoon, June 2, at three o'clock. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will present the prizes given by H.M. the Queen. The children will give musical selections, rhythmic dances, and a gymnastic display. Tickets for a few reserved seats, 2s. 6d. each, may be obtained from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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This year the Eucharistic Congress is to be held at Dublin (June 22nd to 26th). The processions and pageantry, the all-night illuminations and the thousands of visitors from nearly every country will make Dublin the most interesting place in the world.

OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS:

National Industrial Exhibition at Cork (May to September), the Tailteann Games at Dublin (June 29th to July 10th), the Dublin Horse Show (August 2nd to 5th) and the Celebration of the Fifteenth Centenary of the Landing of St. Patrick in Ireland.

Be sure to obtain particulars of the 10-days Travel—"Go as you please" —ticket offered by the Great Southern Railways (Ireland) for 90/-

Guides and particulars of Tourist, Week-end and Holiday Return Tickets from Paddington or Euston Stations or from any G.W. or L M S Station, Office or Agency.

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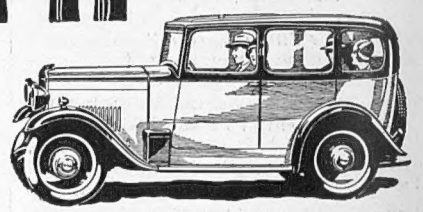

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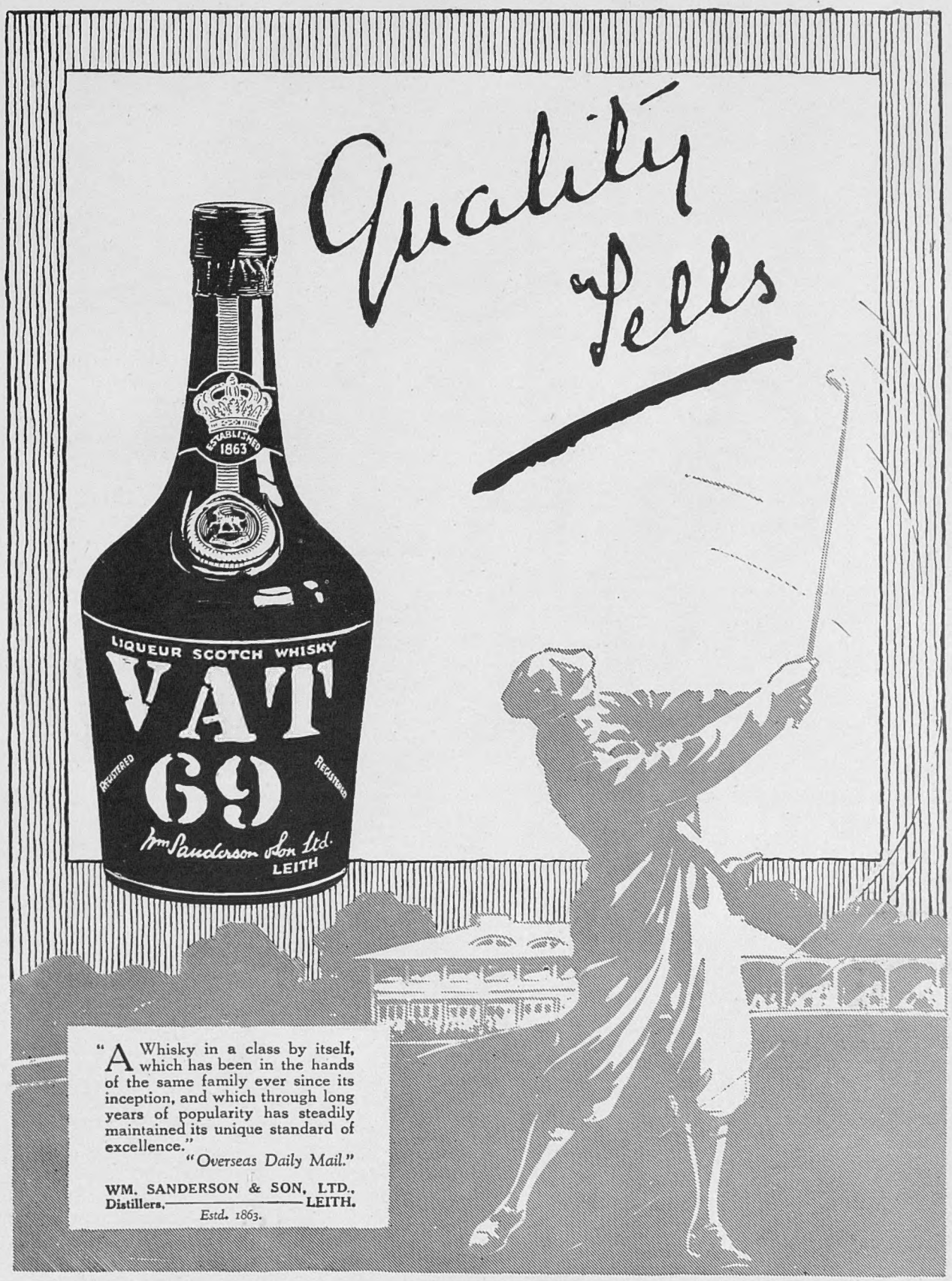

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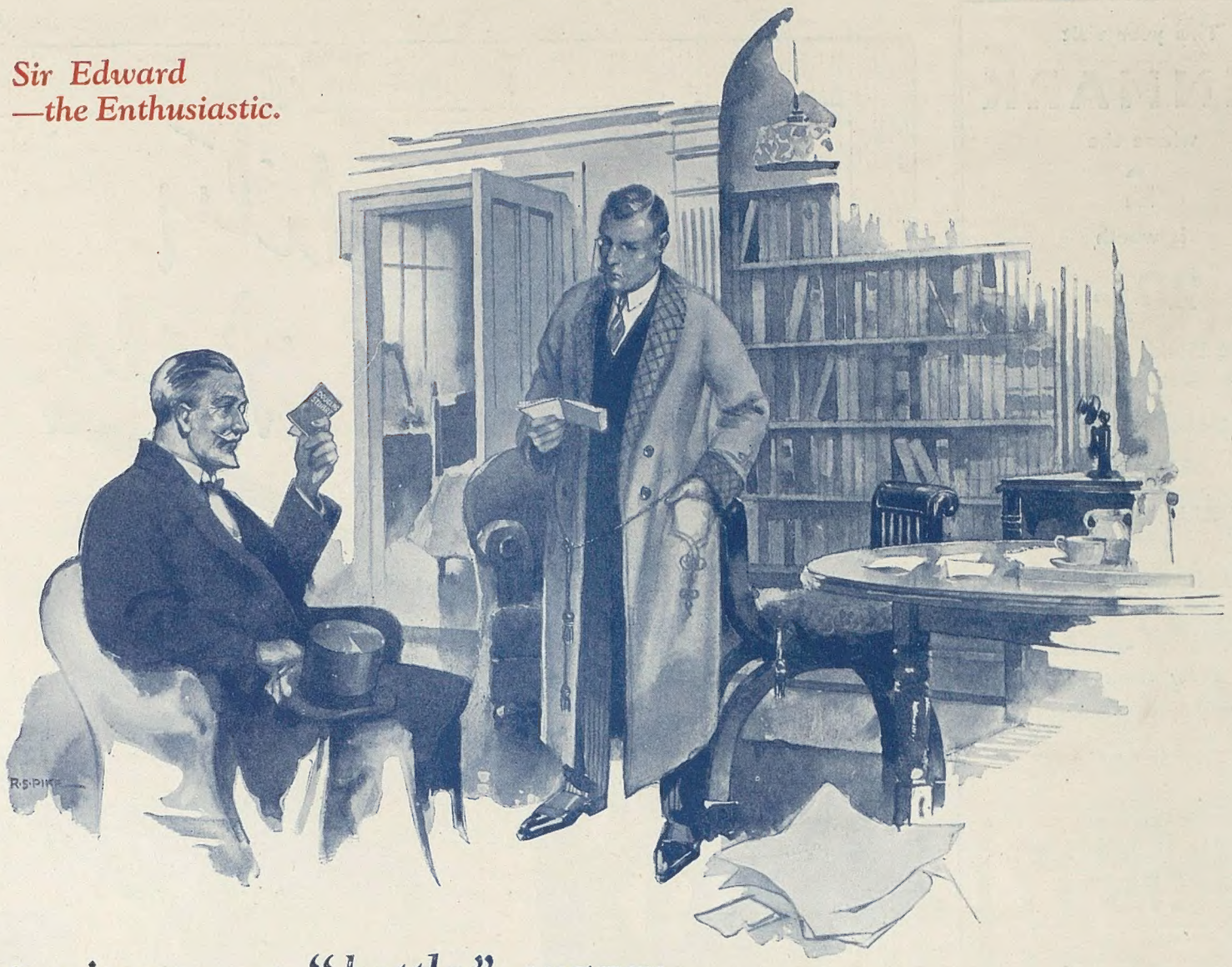

Comparisons—a "bottle" wager.

Colonel: "I'll grant, in the old days, Ted, your enthusiasm for 'Duggie' was warranted, but now we've the 'Tote' there's a great deal of difference."

Sir Edward: "I fail to see any difference."

Colonel: "Nonsense; the 'Tote' is a machine and pays out all it takes, less a percentage."

Sir Edward: "The machine takes no risks, and always stands to win. On the other hand 'Duggie' takes a lot of risk and stands to lose, so you and I, as backers, are better off."

Colonel: "I can't believe that. There's a catch somewhere, and I'll risk a bottle of Clicquot that I'm right."

Sir Edward: "Done. I maintain the only difference is that 'Duggie's' terms are better."

Colonel: "All right, I'll start with a daily 'Tote' double. What can 'Duggie' do in this respect?"

Sir Edward (Looking at Rules): "'Duggie' accepts not only daily 'Tote' doubles, but any double or accumulator on any race in the programme."

Colonel: "Good for you—but I think I've got you beaten on the next."

Sir Edward: "Go ahead!"

Colonel: "Well, I can view the runners in the paddock and slip a decent bet on the 'Tote' at the last minute. 'Duggie' can't give you that facility."

Sir Edward: "Wrong again, old chap. You can just as easily slip a wire from the racecourse telegraph office. He accepts them handed in right up to the 'off'!"

Colonel: "Astounding! You've certainly got the lead, but what about place betting at full 'Tote' prices?"

Sir Edward: "You're beaten everywhere, because not only does 'Duggie' give full 'Tote' prices over winners or placed horses, but pays 5 per cent. extra."

Colonel: "I'm satisfied, let's have the bottle."

Sir Edward: "And I think the toast should be 'Duggie'—the man who makes one feel so *enthusiastic*."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON

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